THE
WINTER MEDLEY:
OR,
AMUSEMENT
FOR THE
FIRE-SIDE.

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FIRE-SIDE.

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To which is added, (never before Published)

THE

LITTLE VARIETY;

OR, THE

WELCH DREAM:

From a Mountain in South Wales, called *Cryg-Ifan*.

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THE

THE
WINTER MEDLEY:
OR,
AMUSEMENT
FOR THE
FIRESIDE.

The fatal Conſequences that reſult from a Miſapplication of natural Abilities.

AN old man, the father of four ſons, had acquired a pretty large fortune by buſineſs, and was reſolved to place his ſons in ſuch genteel ſettlements, as might cover, as much as poſſible, the obſcurity of their origin: In doing this he did not conſult the diſpoſition of his children, or their capacities, but ſettled them, as they reſpectively arrived at years of maturity, in ſuch profeſſions as happened, at that time, to pleaſe

his own fancy beſt. Accident decided the fate of the eldeſt ſon. The old gentleman walking one day through the Park, ſaw a company of foot performing their exerciſe, and was ſo pleaſed with the ſight, that he reſolved immediately that he would ſettle his ſon in the army. Accordingly, in a ſhort time, he bought him a pair of colours. This young man was of a meek, peaceable, quiet temper, extremely fond of ſtudy, and ſedentary life, but quite averſe to noiſe and confuſion. The ſecond ſon was devoted to the church, for no other reaſon, than becauſe it was a genteel ſettlement. He was in temper juſt the reverſe of his elder brother, fond of diverſion and uproar, a ſlave to his paſſions, and at ſchool ſhewed ſuch evident marks of his courage, that there was ſcarce a boy who had not received either a bloody noſe or black eye from him. He was as remarkable for being the greateſt dunce in the ſchool, as for being the greateſt bully; he had ſuch an utter averſion to books and ſtudy, that he hated the thoughts of either. The third ſon was bound to a ſilk mercer, to pleaſe his mother, as ſhe was of opinion, that this was "the neateſt, "the cleanlieſt, and the genteeleſt buſineſs in "town." This youth had a greater capacity than any of his brothers, was admired for his good ſenſe and ſound underſtanding, was of an enterpriſing and bold diſpoſition, was generous, and had a great ſpirit: In ſhort, poſſeſſed almoſt every perfection belonging to the mind, and equally remarkable for the homelineſs of his perſon; he was ſhort, thick, and clumſy, very much pitted with the ſmall pox, and, to render him ſtill more diſagreeable, had loſt one of his

eyes

eyes by a fall he received in his infancy. The youngeſt ſon was bound to a merchant, who carried on the moſt extenſive commerce of any houſe in the city; he was of a mean ſpirited diſpoſition, and had weak intellects, but was fond of talking; he was handſome in his perſon, and had a genteel addreſs. Theſe were the ſettlements that the weakneſs and vanity of the father choſe for his unhappy ſons. We ſhall now ſee what were their fates in ſituations ſo little correſpondent with their capacities.

The ſoldier had not been long in the army before a trifling quarrel between him and another officer brought on a duel, and the young man, whoſe conſcience made him ſhudder as much at the thoughts of killing another man, as of dying himſelf, performed his part in the encounter ſo unſkilful, that he was run through at the very firſt lounge made by his antagoniſt, and thus fell a ſacrifice to his father's imprudence. The clergyman, after he had by the intereſt of his father procured a living, gave ſuch unbounded liberties to his vicious diſpoſitions, that he attracted the notice of the biſhop, who reprimanded him ſeverely, and in a public manner, for his immoral conduct; and this not having the deſired effect, his living was by authority taken from him; upon this, in a fit of deſpair, he enliſted as a common ſoldier, and in this ſtate ended his wretched life. The mercer was ſo diſguſted with the triflingneſs of the buſineſs that fell to his lot, and ſo offended with the many ſlights ſhewn him upon account of his diſagreeable figure, by the ladies who came to tumble over the ſilks, that, to leſſen his chagrin, he contracted a fondneſs

for the bottle, and ſoon learned to drink to ſuch exceſs, that he fell a victim to the power of Bacchus. The merchant continued his trade for a ſhort time; for his parts were ſo inadequate to the extenſiveneſs and intricacy of his concerns, that they fell into confuſion, which ended but with his ruin.

Thus by the folly of a parent the ſons were undone: each of theſe young men had abilities, but for want of their being properly applied, they were uſeleſs. Had the ſoldier been bred to the church, the clergyman to the ſword: had the mercer been a merchant, and the merchant a mercer—had the father adapted their ſituations to their capacities, they might have ſucceeded in their undertakings, and have been a comfort to him in his old age; inſtead of which, they loaded him with afflictions, and brought down his grey hairs with ſorrow to the grave.

Parents ſhould begin early to obſerve the genius of a child, for it requires time and attention to perform this important taſk, and it is only by a diligent and laborious obſervation during a ſpace of years that it can be accompliſhed; they muſt begin by diveſting themſelves, as much as poſſible, of parental prejudices, otherwiſe they will be apt to over-rate the abilities of their offſpring. When they imagine they have acquired a perfect knowledge of the youth's capacity, diſpoſition, and conſtitution, it is then time enough to think of a ſettlement for him, that correſponds with theſe qualities.—Were all fathers to proceed in this manner in the eſtabliſhment of their children, the advantages of it to ſociety would be infinite; each perſon acting in the

the ſphere for which he was deſigned by Nature, would exert himſelf, and execute to perfection his province in the common toil. A judicious modern writer has obſerved, that the ſtrength of the common-wealth does not ſo much conſiſt in the number of its ſubjects, as in the number of people properly employed. Millions of ſouls bred up in idleneſs, or, which is much the ſame thing, millions employed in occupations, for which Nature has not fitted them with proper talents, inſtead of being an advantage or ſtrength to the ſociety under which they live, are truly burthenſome, generally become beggars, and live upon the labour and induſtry of the more judicious employed part of the inhabitants.

The HERMIT.

'TWAS in that delightful month which Love prefers before all others, and which moſt reveres this deity: that month which ever weaves a verdant carpet for the earth, and embroiders it with flowers. The banks became inviting thro' their coverlets of moſs; the violets, refreſhed by the moiſture of deſcending rains, enriched the tepid air with their agreeable perfumes. But the ſhower was paſt; the ſun diſperſed the vapours; and the ſky was clear and lucid, when Polydore walked forth. He was of a complexion altogether plain and unaffected; a lover of the Muſes, and beloved by them. He would often-

times retire from the noiſe of mixed converſation, to enjoy the melody of birds, or the murmurs of a water-fall. His neighbours often ſmiled at his peculiarity of temper; and he no leſs at the vulgar caſt of theirs. He could never be content to paſs his irrevocable time in an idle comment upon a news-paper, or in adjuſting the preciſe difference of temperature betwixt the weather of to-day and yeſterday. In ſhort, he was not void of ſome ambition, but what he felt he acknowledged, and was never averſe to vindicate. As he never cenſured any one who indulged their humour inoffenſively, ſo he claimed no manner of applauſe for thoſe purſuits which gratified his own. But the ſentiments he entertained of honour, and the dignity conferred by royal authority, made it wonderful how he bore the thoughts of obſcurity and oblivion. He mentioned with applauſe the youths who by merit had arrived at any important ſtation; but he thought that all ſhould in life's viſit leave ſome token of their exiſtence; and that their friends might more reaſonably expect it from them, than they from their poſterity.

There were few, he thought, of talents ſo very inconſiderable, as to be unalterably excluded from all degrees of fame; and in regard to ſuch as had a liberal education, he ever wiſhed that in ſome art or ſcience they would be perſuaded to engrave their names. He thought it might be ſome pleaſure to reflect, that their names would at leaſt be honoured by their deſcendants, although they might eſcape the notice of ſuch as were not prejudiced in their favour.

What

What a luſtre, ſaid he, does the reputation of a Wren, a Waller, or a Walſingham, caſt upon their remoteſt progeny? and who would not wiſh rather to be deſcended from them, than from the mere carcaſe of nobility? Yet wherever ſuperb titles are faithfully offered as the reward of merit, he thought allurements of ambition were too tranſporting to be reſiſted. But to return.

Polydore, a new inhabitant in a ſort of wild, uninhabited country, was now aſcended to the top of a mountain, and in the full enjoyment of a very extenſive proſpect. Before him a broad and winding valley, variegated with all the charms of landſcape. Fertile meadows, glittering ſtreams, pendant rocks, and nodding ruins. But theſe indeed were much leſs the objects of his attention, than thoſe diſtant hills and ſpires that were almoſt concealed by one undiſtinguiſhed azure. The ſea, indeed, appeared to cloſe the ſcene, though, diſtant as it was, it but little variegated the view. Hardly, indeed, were it diſtinguiſhable, but for the beams of a deſcending ſun, which, at the ſame time, warned our traveller to return, before the duſkineſs and dews of evening had rendered his walk uncomfortable.

He had now deſcended to the foot of the mountain, when he remarked an old hermit approaching to a little hut, which he had formed with his own hands, at the very bottom of the precipice. Polydore, all enamoured of the beauties he had been ſurveying, could not avoid wondering at his conduct, who, not content with ſhunning all commerce with mankind, had contrived, as much as poſſible, to exclude all views of nature. He

accoſted him in the following manner: "Father, ſays he, it is with no ſmall ſurprize, that I obſerve your choice of ſituation, by which you ſeem to neglect the moſt diſtant and delightful landſcape that ever my eyes beheld. The hill, beneath which you have contrived to hide your habitation, would have afforded you ſuch a variety of natural curioſities, as to a perſon ſo contemplative, muſt appear highly entertaining: and as the cell to which you are advancing is ſeemingly of your own contrivance, methinks 'twas probable you would ſo have placed it, as to preſent them, in all their beauty, to your eye."

The hermit made him this anſwer: "My ſon, ſays he, the evening approaches, and you have deviated from your way. I would not therefore detain you by my ſtory, did I not imagine the moon would prove a ſafer guide to you than that ſetting ſun which you muſt otherwiſe rely upon. Enter therefore for a while into my cave, and I will give you then ſome account of my adventures, which will ſolve your doubts perhaps more effectually than any method I can propoſe. But before you enter my lone abode, calculated only for the uſe of meditation, dare to condemn ſuperfluous magnificence, and render thyſelf worthy of the being I contemplate.

Know then, that I owe what the world is pleaſed to call my ruin (and indeed juſtly, were it not for the uſe which I have made of it) to an aſſured dependence, in a literal ſenſe, upon confuſed and diſtant proſpects: a conſideration, which hath indeed ſo affected me, that I ſhall never henceforth enjoy a landſcape that lies at ſo remote a diſtance, as not to exhibit all its parts.

And

And indeed were I to form the leaſt pretenſions to what your world calls taſte, I might even then perhaps contend that a well-diſcriminated landſcape was at all times to be preferred to a diſtant and promiſcuous azure.

" I was born in the pariſh of a nobleman, who arrived to the principal management of the buſineſs of the nation. The heir of his family and myſelf were of the ſame age, and for ſome time ſchool-fellows. I had made conſiderable advances in his eſteem; and the mutual affection we entertained for each other, did not long remain unobſerved by his family or my own. He was ſent early upon his travels, purſuant to a very injudicious cuſtom, and my parents were ſolicited to conſent that I might accompany him. Intimations were given to my friends, that a perſon of ſuch importance as his father might contribute much more to my immediate promotion, than the utmoſt diligence I could uſe in purſuit of it. My father, I remember, aſſented with reluctance: my mother, fired with the ambition of her ſon's future greatneſs, through much importunity, " wrung from him his ſlow leave." I, for my own part, wanted no great perſuaſion. We made what is called the great tour of Europe. We neither of us, I believe, could be ſaid to want natural ſenſe; but being baniſhed ſo early in life, were more attentive to every deviation from our own indifferent cuſtoms, than to any uſeful examination of their polices or manners. Judgment, for the moſt part, ripens very ſlowly. Fancy often expands her bloſſoms all at once.

" We were now returning home from a ſix years abſence; anticipating the careſſes of our parents and relations, when my ever-honoured companion was attacked by a fever. All poſſible means of ſafety proving finally ineffectual, he accoſted me in one of his lucid intervals as follows:

' Alas! my Clytander! my life, they tell me, is of very ſhort continuance. The next paroxyſm of my fever will probably be concluſive.

' The proſpect of this ſudden change does not allow me to ſpeak the gratitude I owe thee; much leſs to reward the kindneſs on which it is ſo juſtly grounded. Thou knoweſt I was ſent away early from my parents, and the more rational part of my life has been paſſed with thee alone. It cannot be but they will prove ſolicitous in their enquiries concerning me. Thy narrative will awake their tenderneſs, and they cannot but conceive ſome for their ſon's companion and his friend. What I would hope is, that they will render thee ſome ſervices, in place of thoſe their beloved ſon intended thee, and which I can unfeignedly aſſert, would have been only bounded by my power. My dear companion! farewell. All other temporal enjoyments have I baniſhed from my heart, but friendſhip lingers long, and 'tis with tears I ſay farewell.'——

" My concern was truly ſo great, that, upon my arrival in my native country, it was not all increaſed by the conſideration that the nobleman, on whom my hopes depended, was removed from all his places. I waited on him; and he appeared ſenſibly grieved, that the friendſhip he had ever profeſſed could now ſo little avail me.

He

He recommended me however to a friend of his, that was then of the ſucceſsful party, and who he was aſſured, would, at his requeſt, aſſiſt me to the utmoſt of his power. I was now in the prime of life, which I effectually conſumed upon the empty forms of court-attendance. Hopes aroſe before me like bubbles upon a ſtream; as quick ſucceeding one another, as ſuperficial, and as vain. Thus buſied in my purſuit, and rejecting the aſſiſtance of cool examination, I found the winter of life approaching, and nothing procured to ſhelter or protect me, when my ſecond patron died. A race of new ones appeared before me, and even yet kept my expectations in play. I wiſhed indeed I had retreated ſooner; but to retire at laſt unrecompenced, and when a few months attendance might happen to prove ſucceſsful, was beyond all power of reſolution.

"However, after a few years more attendance, diſtributed in equal proportions upon each of theſe new patrons, I at length obtained a place of much trouble and ſmall emolument. On the acceptance of this, my eyes ſeemed open all at once. I had no paſſion remaining for the ſplendor which was grown familiar to me, and for civility and confinement I entertained an utter averſion. I officiated however for a few weeks in my poſt, wondering ſtill more and more how I could ever covet the life I led. I was ever moſt ſincere, but ſincerity claſhed with my ſituation every moment of the day. In ſhort, I returned home to a paternal income, not indeed intending that auſtere life in which you at preſent find me engaged. I thought to content myſelf with common neceſſaries, and to give the

reſt, if aught remained, to charity; determined, however, to avoid all appearance of ſingularity. But alas! to my great ſurprize, the perſon who ſupplied my expences had ſo far embroiled my little affairs, that, when my debts, &c. were diſcharged, I was unable to ſubſiſt in any better manner than I do at preſent. I grew at firſt entirely melancholy; left the country where I was born, and raiſed the humble roof that covers me in a country where I am not known. I now begin to think myſelf happy in my preſent way of life: I cultivate a few vegetables to ſupport me; and the little well there, is a very clear one. I am now an uſeleſs individual; little able to benefit mankind; but a prey to ſhame, and to confuſion, on the firſt glance of every eye that knows me. My ſpirits are indeed ſomething raiſed by a clear ſky, or a meridian ſun; but as to extenſive views of the country, I think them well enough exchanged for the warmth and comfort which this vale affords me. Eaſe is at leaſt the proper ambition of age, and it is confeſſedly my ſupreme one.

"Yet I will not permit you to depart from an hermit, without one inſtructive leſſon. Whatever ſituation in life you ever wiſh or propoſe for yourſelf, acquire a clear and lucid idea of the inconveniences attending it. I utterly contemned and rejected, after a month's experience, the very poſt I had all my life time been ſolicitous to procure."

An Evening's Adventure at Vauxhall.

A Citizen and his two daughters being at Vauxhall, heartily grudged every thing his daughters aſked for; after ſome talk—"Come, come, (ſaid the old don) it is high time to go to ſupper." To this the ladies readily aſſented; and one of the miſſes ſaid, "Do let us have a chick apiece, papa." "Zounds (ſaid the father) they are half a crown a piece, and no bigger than a ſparrow." Here the old lady took him up—"You are ſo ſtingy, Mr. Roſe, there is no bearing you. When one is out upon pleaſure, I love to appear like ſomebody, and what ſignifies a few ſhillings once in a way when a body is about it!" This reproof ſo effectually ſilenced the old gentleman, that the youngeſt miſs had courage to put in a word for ſome ham likewiſe. Accordingly the waiter was called, and diſpatched by the old lady with an order for a chicken and a plate of ham. When it was brought, the honeſt cit twiſted the diſh about three or four times, and ſurveyed it with a very ſettled countenance, then taking up the ſlice of ham, and dangling it to and fro on the end of his fork, aſked the waiter, how much there was of it." "A ſhilling's-worth, Sir," ſays the fellow.—"Prithee," ſaid the don, "how much doſt think it weighs!"——"an ounce!"—"a ſhilling an ounce!" that is ſixteen ſhillings per pound!—a reaſonable profit, truly!—let me ſee—ſuppoſe now the whole ham weighs thirty pounds:—at a ſhilling per ounce, that is ſixteen ſhillings per pound, why your maſter

maſter makes exactly twenty-four pounds of every ham; and, if he buys them at the beſt hand, and ſalts them, and cures them himſelf, they dont ſtand him in ten ſhillings a piece." The old lady bade him hold his nonſenſe, declared herſelf aſhamed for him, and aſked him if the people muſt not live: then taking a coloured handkerchief from her own neck, ſhe tucked it into his ſhirt collar, (whence it hung like a bib) and helped him to a leg of the chicken. The old gentleman, at every bit he put into his mouth, amuſed himſelf with ſaying—" there goes two-pence—there goes " three-pence—there goes " a groat—" Zounds a man at theſe places ſhould not have a ſwallow ſo wide as a tom-tit." This ſcanty repaſt we may imagine was ſoon diſpatched; and it was with much difficulty our honeſt citizen was prevailed on to ſuffer a plate of beef to be ordered. This too was no leſs admired, and underwent the ſame comments with the ham. At length, when only a very ſmall bit was left, as they ſay, for manners in the diſh, our don took a piece of an old news-paper from his pocket, gravely wrapping up the meat in it, andplaced it carefully in his lettter-caſe. " I'll keep thee as a curioſity till my dying day; and I'll ſhew thee to my neighbour *Horſeman*, and aſk him if he can make as much of his ſteaks." Then rubbing his hands and ſhrugging up his ſhoulders—" why now (ſays he) to morrow night I may eat as much cold beef as I can ſtuff at any tavern in London, and pay nothing for it." A diſh of tarts, cheeſe-cakes, and cuſtards, next made there appearance at the requeſt of the ladies, who paid no ſort of

regard

regard to the father's remonſtrance, " that they were four times as dear as at the paſtry cooks." Supper being ended, madam put her ſpouſe in mind to call for wine, " my dear, we muſt have ſome wine, or we ſhall not be looked upon you know! " Well, well (ſays the don) that is right enough. But do they ſell their liquor too by the ounce? — Here, drawer, what wine have you got?" The fellow who by this time began to ſmoke his gueſts, anſwered—" We have exceeding good *French* wine of all ſorts, and pleaſe your honour, would you have a bottle of champagne, or burgundy, or claret, or"——— No, no, none of your wiſhy—waſhy outlandiſh ratgut for me: interrupted the citizen.——— A tankard of the Alderman beats all the red claret wine in the French king's cellar.———But, come, bring us a bottle of ſound old port: And do ye hear? Let it be good." While the waiter was gone, the good man moſt ſadly lamented, that he could not have his pipe; which the wife would by no means allow, " becauſe (ſaid ſhe) it was ungenteel to ſmoke, where any ladies were in company." When the wine came, our citizen gravely took up the bottle, and holding it above his head. " Aye, aye, ſaid he, the bottom has had a good kick—and mind how confoundedly it is pinched on the ſides,—not above five gills I warrant.—An old ſoldier at the *Jeruſalem* would beat two of them.—But let us ſee how it is brewed." He then poured out a glaſs; and after holding it up before the candle, ſmelling to it, ſipping it twice or thrice, and ſmacking his lips drank it off: But declaring that ſecond thoughts were beſt, he filled another bumper; and toſſing that off, after ſome pauſe, with a very important air, ventured to pronounce

it

it drinkable. The ladies having alſo drunk a glaſs round, affirmed it very good, and felt warm in the ſtomach: And even the old gentleman relaxed into ſuch good humour, by the time the bottle was emptied, that out of his own free will and motion he moſt generouſly called for another pint, but charged the waiter to pick out an honeſt one. While the glaſs was then circulating, the family amuſed themſelves with making obſervations on the garden, the citizen expreſſed his wonder at the number of lamps, and ſaid it muſt coſt a great deal of money every night to light them all: The eldeſt miſs declared, that for her part ſhe liked the dark walk beſt of all, becauſe it was *ſolentary*: Little miſs thought the laſt ſong mighty pretty, and ſaid ſhe would learn it, if ſhe could but carry home the tune: And the old lady obſerved, that there was a great deal of good company indeed; but the gentlemen were ſo rude, that they perfectly put her out of countenance by ſtaring at her through their ſpying-glaſſes. In a word, the tarts, the cheeſecakes, the beef, the chicken, the ounce of ham and every thing ſeemed to be quite forgot, 'till the diſmal moment approached, when the reckoning was called for. As this ſolemn buſineſs concerns only the gentleman, the ladies kept a profound ſilence; and when the terrible account was brought, they left the pay-maſter undiſturbed, to enjoy the miſery by himſelf: only the old lady had the hardneſs to ſquint at the ſum total, and declared "it was reaſonable conſidering." Our citizen bore his misfortunes with a tolerable degree of patience. He ſhook his head as he run over the articles, and ſwore he would never buy meat

meat by the ounce again. At length, when he had carefully ſummed up every figure, he bade the drawer bring change for ſix-pence, then pulling out a leathern purſe from a ſnug pocket in the inſide of his waiſtcoat, he drew out ſlowly, piece by piece, thirteen ſhillings, which he regularly placed, in two rows, upon the table. When the change was brought, after counting it very carefully, he laid down four-pence in the ſame exact order; then calling for the waiter,—" there, ſays he, there's your damage —thirteen and two-pence—and harkye, there's three-pence over for yourſelf." The remaining penny he put into his coat pocket, and chinking it—" this, ſays he, will ſerve for a paper of tobacco to-morrow." The family now prepared themſelves for going, and as there were ſome ſlight drops of rain, madam buttoned up the old gentleman's coat, that he might not ſpoil his waiſtcoat, and made him flap his hat, over which ſhe tied her pocket handkerchief, to ſave his wig; and as the coat itſelf (ſhe ſaid) had never been worn but three Sundays, ſhe even parted with her own cardinal, and ſpread it the wrong ſide out over his ſhoulders. In theſe accoutrements he ſallied forth, accompanied by his wife, with her upper petticoat turned over her head, and his daughters, with the ſkirts of their gowns turned up, and their heads muffled up in coloured handkerchiefs. I followed them quite out of the gardens, and as they were waiting for their hack to draw up, young miſs aſked, " when ſhall we come again, papa?"—" Come again? (ſaid he) What a-pox would you ruin me? Once in one's life is enough; and I think I have done very handſome.

handſome. Why it would not have coſt me four-pence-halfpenny to have ſpent my evening at *Sot's Hole*; and with the curſed coach hire, and altogether, here's almoſt a pound gone, and nothing to ſhew for it."—" Fye, Mr. Roſe, I am quite aſhamed for you, (replied the old lady) you are always grudging me and your girls the leaſt bit of pleaſure; and you cannot help grumbling, if we do but go to *Little Hornſey* to drink tea. I am ſure, now they are women grown up, they ought to ſee a little of the world—and they ſhall." The old don was not willing to purſue the argument any longer; and the coach coming up, he was glad to put an end to the diſpute, by ſaying, " Come, come, let us make haſte, wife, or we ſhall not get home time enough to have my beſt wig combed out again,—and to-morrow you know is Sunday."

A remarkable Inſtance of true Friendſhip.

WHEN Damon was ſentenced, by Dionyſius of Syracuſe, to die on ſuch a day, he prayed permiſſion, in the interim, to retire to his own country, to ſettle the affairs of his diſconſolate family. This the tyrant intended moſt peremptorily to refuſe, by granting it, as he conceived, on the impoſſible conditions of his procuring ſome one to remain as hoſtage for his return, under equal forfeiture of life. Pythias heard the conditions, did not wait for an application

cation on the part of Damon; he inſtantly offered himſelf in the place of his friend, and Damon was ſet at liberty. When the day of the deſtined execution drew near, the tyrant had the curioſity to viſit Pythias in his dungeon, where he reproached him for his raſhneſs, and told him that the return of Damon would make him as great a fool as himſelf. My lord, ſaid Pythias, with a firm voice and noble aſpect, would it were poſſible I might ſuffer a thouſand deaths, than my friend ſhould fail in the article of his honour. I am as confident of his honour as I am of my own exiſtence; he prayed the winds to oppoſe his coming. I have redeemed a life a thouſand times of more conſequence, of more eſtimation, than my own; more eſtimable to his lovely wife, to his precious little innocents, to his friends, and to his country. The fatal day arrived; Pythias was brought forth, and walked with a ſerious but ſatisfied air, to the place of execution.

Dionyſius was already there, exalted on a moving throne, drawn by ſix white horſes, and ſat penſive and attentive to the demeanor of the priſoner. Pythias came; he vaulted lightly on the ſcaffold; and beholding, for ſome time, the apparatus of death, he turned with a pleaſed countenance, and addreſſed the aſſembly. My prayers are heard, he cried, the Gods are propitious! after telling them the impoſſibility of Damon's return, the wind being againſt him. Be it ſufficient, that my friend will be found noble, that his truth is unimpeachable, that he will ſpeedily approve it, and is now hurrying on, accuſing himſelf, the adverſe winds, and the gods. But I haſte to prevent his ſpeed; executioner, to your office.

As

As he pronounced the laſt words, a buzzing began to riſe among the remoteſt of the people. A diſtant voice was heard. The croud caught the word; and, ſtop, ſtop the execution, was repeated by the whole aſſembly. A man came at full ſpeed, the throng gave way to his approach; he was mounted on a ſteed of foam. In an inſtant he was off his horſe, on the ſcaffold, and Pythias ſtraitly embraced.—You are ſafe, he cried, you are ſafe, my friend, my beloved; the gods be praiſed, you are ſafe! I now have nothing but death to ſuffer, and I am delivered from the anguiſh of thoſe reproaches which I gave myſelf, for having endangered a life ſo much dearer than my own.

Pale, cold, and half ſpeechleſs in the arms of his Damon, Pythias replied, in broken accents, —fatal haſte!—cruel impatience!—what envious powers have wrought impoſſibilities in your favour?—But, I will not be wholly diſappointed—ſince I cannot die to ſave, I will not ſurvive you.

Dionyſius heard, beheld, and conſidered all with aſtoniſhment. His heart was touched; his eyes were opened; and he could no longer refuſe his aſſent to truths ſo inconteſtable, approved by their facts.

He deſcended from the throne, and aſcended the ſcaffold—Live, live, ye incomparable pair! he exclaimed: Ye have borne unqueſtionable teſtimony to the exiſtence of virtue, which equally evinces the certainty of a God to reward it. Live happy, live renowned! and, O, form me by your precepts, as ye have invited me by your example, to be worthy of the participation of ſo ſacred a *friendſhip*.

The Allurements of Vice exemplified in the Fable of the Fly and the Candle.

BRIGHT ſhone the taper's ſparkling blaze,
Where gaudy ſtar-beſpangling rays
Allur'd a wand'ring *fly*;
Who round the *wicks* enchanting light,
With ſportive wings indulg'd her flight,
Nor dreamt of danger nigh.

In wider circles firſt ſhe flew;
Contracted ſoon ſhe nearer drew,
As brav'd the ſhining *foe:*
For who could think that grief or pain
A form ſo *ſpecious* could contain
Or ſuch deception know!

But, ah! e'er thought a moment paſt,
The foe attack'd, repells as faſt,
She falls, diſabled thrown;
" Amazing ſcene! what's this I ſee!
" That lovely meteor hurt not me
" 'Twas fancy threw me down!

" I'll try again," reſolv'd ſhe cries,
When ſpringing up, again defies
The bright Heſperian flame:
She flew;—but mark the dire event.
She dies,—unweeting it's intent,
A victim to her ſhame!

Thus ſlain, ſhe lies a warning fair,
To bid our *ſelf-conceit* beware
Of fond deluſion's guile:

Or teach thine *innocence* to ſhun
Th' approach of death, by ſin begun
In ſoft temptation's *ſmile*.

When pleaſure, then, (deluſive dame!)
Preſenting, waves her plumid flame,
In token of delight;
Remember, 'tis a ſenſual blaze,
On which ſhe bids thine eyelids gaze,
To faſcinate their ſight.

When honour's gaudy, treach'rous bait,
Stings thy ambition to be *great*,
And flatters all its pride;
Then is the ſeaſon to beware
The vile ſeducer's laqueant ſnare,
Or ſtem the ſurging tide.

Hear then, ye fools! from *inſects* learn,
Where *fates* your ſelf-preſumption warn,
To ſhield the *nobler* part
In faith to eye the *grand award*,
While pray'r's unweary'd watching guard
The iſſues of your *heart!*

Remarkable Inſtance of Sagacity in the Brute Creation.

IT was under the reign of Charles V. according to ſome authors, there lived a dog, whoſe memory deſerved being handed down to poſterity

poſterity by a monument that is ſtill extant over the chimney of the great hall of the Caſtle de Montargis. D'Adiguir ſays, it was a grey-hound; a circumſtance which I cannot help calling in queſtion, if it be true, that the faculty of ſmelling in dogs is the *primum mobile* of their perfection. Greyhounds, it is well known, have no ſcent; and therefore, if they fawn upon their maſter, or if they wait upon him when he goes to bed, and when he gets out of it, it is nothing more than the power of habit (which is the caſe of courtiers) and not the affect of any attachment or affection. In ſhort, I hold dogs abſolutely incapable of thoſe marks of fondneſs and love, of which I am now going to give the relation.

Aubri de Montdidier, travelling alone in the foreſt of Bondi, was murdered, and buried at the foot of a tree. His dog remained upon the grave ſeveral days, and would not leave the place, till he was compelled to do ſo by hunger. He came at laſt to Paris, to the houſe of an intimate friend of the unhappy Aubri, and, by his doleful howlings, ſeemed to acquaint him of the loſs they had ſuſtained. After receiving ſome victuals, he renewed his noiſe, went to the door, and turned about to ſee if he was followed by any one, came back to his maſter's friend, and pulled him by the coat, as it were to perſuade him to go along with him. This extraordinary behaviour of the dog, his returning without his maſter whom he never quitted, and who all at once diſappeared, and perhaps to that diſtribution of juſtice and of events, which ſeldom permits any long concealment of atrocious crimes: all theſe put together, occaſioned the dog's being followed. As ſoon as he

he came to the foot of the tree, he began to howl more violently than ever, and to ſcratch up the ground, as if marking out the ſpot where they ſhould dig: they dug, and found—the body of the unfortunate Aubri!

Some time after, he accidentally ſpied the murderer, whom all hiſtorians agree in calling the Chevalier Macaire. He flew at his throat immediately, and it was with much difficulty he was forced to quit his hold. Every time the dog met him, he purſued and attacked him with the ſame fury. The dog's inveteracy againſt this man alone began to be taken notice of; and people not only called to mind the affection which he had always ſhewn for his maſter, but ſeveral inſtances of the Chevalier Macaire's hatred and envy againſt Aubri de Montdidier came alſo to be recollected. Some other circumſtances increaſed the ſuſpicion. The king being informed of what had paſſed, had the dog ſent for, who remained perfectly quiet, till ſuch time as the Chevalier Macaire appeared, when immediately, in the midſt of a ſcore of other courtiers, he turned about, barked, and attempted to ruſh upon him. In thoſe times, when there were no convincing proofs of guilt, it was uſual to appoint a combat between the accuſer and the accuſed. Theſe kinds of combats were called God's Judgment, becauſe people were perſuaded, that heaven would ſooner work a miracle than let innocence be overcome. The king being ſtruck with ſo many corroborating circumſtances againſt Macaire, judged it to be *a gage of battle caſe*; that is to ſay, he appointed a duel between the Chevalier and the dog. The circus was marked out in the iſland

of

of Notre Dame, which was then a large plain, uncultivated, and uninhabited. Macaire was armed with a large club; the dog had a cask, whither he might retreat upon occasion, and from whence he might renew his attacks. On being loosened, he instantly runs up to his adversary, turns round him, evades his blows, threatens him first on one side, then on the other, tires him out, and at length darts at him; seizes him by the throat, brings him to the ground, and forces him to acknowledge his crime, in the presence of the king and the whole court.

It is not astonishing that this dog should remain several days upon his master's grave, nor that he should manifest so much rage at the sight of his assassin; but the greater part of our readers will not believe, that a duel was appointed between a man and a dog. For my part, it appears to me, that whoever has lived any time in the world, and is a little acquainted with history, should be as fully convinced of the oddities of the human mind, as of the fidelity of dogs.

Remarkable Instance of the Recompence of Providence for the Loss of Sight.

DR. Sanderson was born in 1682, and when a twelvemonth old, lost by the small-pox, not only his sight, but his eyes also, which came away in abscess; yet he was master of the writings of Euclid, Archimedes and Diophontes, from

hearing them read in their original Greek; would quote the moſt beautiful paſſages of Virgil and Horace in converſation with propriety. He was well verſed in the writings of Cicero, and dictated Latin in a familiar and elegant ſtyle.

When a boy, he ſhewed his propenſity to mathematical ſtudies: he could perform the moſt difficult arithmetical problems, and make long calculations by his memory, and form in his mind new theorems for their more ready ſolution.

At the age of twenty-five, he went to the Univerſity of Cambridge, not as a ſcholar but as a maſter. A young man without ſight, fortune or friends, and untaught himſelf, ſet up for a teacher of philoſophy in an univerſity where it then reigned in the greateſt perfection; yet his lecture was crouded as ſoon as open, and the Principia of Sir Iſaac Newton, his Optics, and Arithmetica Univerſalis, were explained and illuſtrated by Mr. Saunderſon, in ſuch a manner, as made him univerſally admired: in a word, the nature of light and colours, the theory of viſion, the effects of glaſſes, the phænomena of the rainbow, and other objects of ſight were treated in the lectures of this blind man, with a perſpicuity which has ſeldom been equalled, and never ſurpaſſed.

His merit got him the friendſhip and reſpect of the greateſt mathematicians of his time: among his friends the prince of philoſophers, Sir Iſaac Newton, was the chief, whoſe candour and generoſity was equal to his genius. By his intereſt chiefly Mr. Saunderſon was choſen Lucaſian Profeſſor of Mathematics, in the room of Mr. Whiſton,

Whiſton, in 1721; and in 1728, when his late Majeſty viſited the univerſity, he deſired to ſee this remarkable perſon, who waited on him, and was created Doctor of Laws by his royal favour. He died in 1739.

He had the ſenſe of feeling in the moſt acute perfection: he could obſerve the leaſt difference of rough and ſmooth in a ſurface, or the leaſt defect of poliſh, and actually diſtinguiſhed, in a ſet of Roman medals, the genuine from the falſe, though they had been counterfeited ſo as to deceive the eye of a connoiſſeur; but the profeſſor, who had no eye to truſt to, could feel a roughneſs in the new caſt ſufficient to diſtinguiſh them by. He could feel the leaſt alteration in the atmoſphere, and knew when a cloud paſſed over the ſun: he could tell when any thing was held near his face, or when he paſſed by a tree, if the air was calm.

He had a board with holes bored at half an inch from each other; in theſe pins were fixed, and by drawing a piece of twine round their heads, he could delineate all rectilinear figures uſed in geometry, ſooner than any man could with a pen. He had another board with holes made in right lines for pins of different ſizes, by the help of which he could calculate and ſet down the ſums, products or quotients in numbers, as readily as others could by writing.

He had a refined ear, a vaſt genius for muſic, and could diſtinguiſh to the fifth part of a note: by this ſenſe he knew any perſon whom he had ever once converſed with. He could judge of the ſize of any room into which he was introduced, of the diſtance he was from the wall;

and if ever he had walked over any pavement in courts, piazzas, &c. which reflected ſound, and was afterwards conducted thither again, he could exactly tell whereabouts in the walk he was placed, merely by the note it ſounded.

By the ſtrength of his memory he could multiply, divide, and extract the ſquare or cube root, to many places of figures; could go along with any calculator in working algebraical problems, infinite ſeries, &c. and correct immediately the ſlips of the pen, either in ſigns or numbers. In the knowledge of the mathematics he was equal to any, and in his addreſs as a teacher he was perhaps ſuperior to all.

The Origin of Health Drinking.

THE origin of health drinking, took its riſe from the time of the Danes being in this iſland; when it was cuſtomary with them, whilſt an Engliſhman was drinking, to take that opportunity of ſtabbing him. To guard againſt this Daniſh treachery, the Engliſh entered into a combination, to be mutual pledges of ſecurity to each other whilſt drinking. When, therefore, I drink to another, my tacit language is this—*Sir, I ſuſpect this Gentleman next me has ſome Daniſh blood in his veins; I am afraid he will cut my throat whilſt I am drinking; I beg the favour of you, Sir, to watch him narrowly, that I may drink in ſafety.* To which

which my friend is ſuppoſed to anſwer, *Sir, I will pledge you, and be your ſurety.* I then reply, *I am much obliged to you, Sir,* YOUR HEALTH, *that you may live till I have done drinking, and ſave me from his wicked intentions.* This is the paraphraſe of a health at meals. What a pretty and polite compliment to all the reſt of the company, except thoſe you drink to, to call them all a parcel of cut-throats.

Dr. Nugent, in his *travels through Germany*, particularly remarks of the court of Mecklenburgh, that *No healths were toaſted; this cuſtom being laid aſide at great tables, except that the duke drinks to the king and queen of Great Britain juſt before he riſes from dinner.* It may be very well to toaſt our abſent friends and patrons, when the plates and cloth are removed, but the drinking healths, during meals is an abſurd, troubleſome, and indecent mode.

When the king of the Danes lately came into England, I was horribly afraid that the old game of ſtabs would be played again. I drank healths, and, to be ſafer, I eat healths too, expecting every mouthful to be my laſt. I thought to hear of nothing but murder and bloodſhed at the numerous feaſts to which he was invited; but, upon the ſtricteſt enquiry, I cannot learn, that the Goth cut ſo much as one ſingle throat all the time he was here, So far from it, that, as I am told, the politeſt urbanity and good nature was obſerved in the whole deportment of the royal viſitor. Let us then teſtify our reſpect to his Daniſh Majeſty, by aboliſhing this memorial of Daniſh treachery: and let the fear of *Canute* yield to the love of *Chriſtian*. For to retain a cuſtom, which is ſaid to have had its riſe from

malicious villainy, when the occaſion of it is quite removed, is certainly very abſurd and uncharitable.

But the mode off health-drinking during meals, beſide the abſurdity of it, is very inconvenient and troubleſome. To avoid giving offence it is neceſſary to drink to every one in company; for you affront thoſe whom you take no notice of. Unleſs you intend to drink as many times as there are perſons in company, you muſt include many in one draught; but how many you intend to drink to is known only to yourſelf: In this caſe I have often obſerved, that when a gentleman has begun to drink to one or two, the eyes of others are immediately upon the catch for him, as much as to ſay, *Sir, do not forget me.* But if the gentleman having drank to half a dozen, ſhould think fit to reſerve half a dozen more for his next draught, what a baulk and diſſatisfaction is this to the perſons reſerved?

We eſteem it rude to ſpeak to a gentleman, whilſt he is ſpeaking to another or otherways engaged; yet this rudeneſs and diſturbance we call politeneſs at meals. If I drink to a gentleman, and he does not hear me at firſt, I muſt encreaſe my vociferation: My neareſt companions ſmile, but I muſt not give over; that looks like being aſhamed of my pledge; I muſt bawl and bawl to their diverſion, till ſome friendly neighbour to the gentleman is pleaſed to give him a jog, and inform him, that Mr. Gubbins has been ſometime eſſaying to drink his health; the gentleman politely returns the compliment, and begs my pardon; but I ought to beg his pardon,

pardon, for the incivility is in me to diſturb him, and not in him for not hearing me.

When round tables were in faſhion, all the company could ſee each other: but the cuſtom of drinking healths is now rendered very inconvenient at the modern long cornered tables. For ſuppoſe there are ten on a ſide, and the ſecond would drink to the ninth, or the ninth to the ſecond on the ſame ſide: how are we to ſettle this? I hear a voice, but I cannot tell who it comes from. I muſt catch his eye, and he mine, to return the compliment. To reach half over the table, and ſhake the powder from my wig, as from a dredging box, over a diſh or a neighbour's plate, is certainly not very agreeable. I know of no other way, therefore, but to call out, *Fall back, gentlemen, ſix below*, or, *Fall back, gentlemen, ſix above*. Immediately there would follow a general ſuſpenſion of hands, knives, and forks, and the ceremony would be the height of politeneſs.

For my own part, as I would not be uncivil, but always endeavour to preſerve the honour of my family, when I call for a draught I firſt duly conſider the number of the company: Suppoſe twelve beſides myſelf: I divide the company into three ſets or draughts, four in a draught; I then ſet the glaſs, tankard, or pot upon the table, till I obſerve the firſt gentleman of my firſt draught to caſt his eye towards me; for I make it a rule never to bawl at table, leſt I ſhould thereby offend my neighbour's plate or ſtomach: At length the gentleman eſpies me; I bow to him and he to me. I then wait for the next, and the next, and the fourth of my firſt ſett; and thus having

in a few minutes dispatched the preliminaries of my draught, I proceed to my work itſelf, which I finiſh in half a quarter of the time allowed for the healths.

I was lately at a feaſt, where I was quite out luck, and met with a ſeries of misfortunes. I had a nice bit of turkey on my fork, a gentleman at ſome diſtance to the right of me, with rather a low voice, ſays *Mr. Gubbins, your health, Sir*; I did not hear him, but juſt as I was going to put it into my mouth, and my jaws extended to receive it, my officious left hand neighbour gives me a violent pull by the ſleeve, and informs me, that Mr. Pontoon drank my health: I, ſuppoſing the gentleman ſat that way, turned myſelf towards the left, made a bow, and replied, *Sir, I thank you*; but great was my ſurprize to ſee no Mr. Pontoon to the left; Mr. Pontoon was ſix off to the right. I immediately whirled me to the right about, and in my haſte fairly toſſed a deep plate of ſoup into my right hand neighbour's lap. You may be ſure I was confounded, I aſked ten thouſand pardons, and determined with myſelf to be more upon my guard for the future. I then let my forked bit of turkey lay upon my plate, till ſuch time as another ſhould have drank my health; when lo! a ſervant, obſerving my compoſure, takes it into his head that I had done, and whips away my plate, turkey and all; and it was with much difficulty I recovered my loſs. As I always endeavour to improve by my misfortunes, I reflected on the abſurdity of my ſurprize in the one caſe, and of my delay in the other. As ſoon as I regained my turkey, I ſoberly put it into my mouth, when a voice comes from another

ther part of the table, *Mr. Gubbins, my ſervice to you:* Unwilling to make the gentleman wait, I inſtantly replied, forgetting that my bit was not half chewed, and that my teeth were not over and above good, *Sir, your ſervant*; but Oh! the unfortunate ſibilation of the letter S too ſoon diſcovered to me my bit of turkey upon my plate again: However, by good luck, it was not obſerved by any one but myſelf, my polite health-drinker, and four or five of the ſervants: The gentleman ſmiled, I bluſhed, and the fellows crammed their mouths with their knife-cloths. As I ſaid before, I always endeavour to improve by my misfortunes, and determined to be a little more expeditious in my next morſel. But, oh cruel ſtars! we never know when we are right, nor whether too faſt or too ſlow. A voice again attacks me, *Mr. Gubbins, your health, Sir.* I recollected the melancholy fate of my laſt bit, and therefore now chewed my turkey as quick as I could, but indeed rather too quick, for, in my haſte, a piece of the ſkin, a little too much criſped, ſlipped down into my gullet, and ſet me a coughing ſo violently, that all the company were alarmed, and dreaded the conſequences, as well they might in all reſpects, for either Mr. Gubbins muſt diſcharge turkey, or turkey muſt diſcharge Mr. Gubbins. Well for me, Mr. Gubbins prevailed, and turkey, pudding, bread-ſauce, gravy and all, ſhot forth from mouth and noſe, like random ſhot from a gun. What could I do, or, what did I do? Indeed I do not know, except that about an hour after dinner, I found myſelf in the ſame chair, at the ſame table, and with the ſame company as at firſt. I drank a glaſs or two of wine, recovered, reſumed my courage,

and made the following propoſal to the company: That at all feaſts in Guzzledom, a ſervant, in the dreſs of a merry andrew, ſhall ſtand upon a ſtool behind the maſter, with a wooden hammer in one hand, and aboard in the other; and when any one calls for drink, he ſhall ſtrike the board with his mallet, and ſhall ſay, *Take heed, gemmen; mouths clean: ears open; fall back there; a health to be drank.* When the draught is over, he ſhall ſtrike again, *Now fall to, gemmen:* and this ceremony to be repeated as often as any one of the company ſhall drink. But this propoſal was rejected for various reaſons, which did not occur to me when I firſt mentioned it, But it was at laſt determined, *nem. con.* that for the future every one ſhall have the pleaſure of drinking when he is dry with the ſame freedom that he eats when he is hungry, and that it ſhall be deemed as rude to diſturb the company every time you drink, as it would be to diſturb them every time you put a piece into your mouth.

The Effects of Habitual Miſery, exemplified in the Life of a diſabled Soldier.

NO obſervation is more common, and at the ſame time more true, than That one half the world are ignorant how the other half lives. The misfortunes of the great are held up to engage our attention; are enlarged upon in tones of declamation; and the world ss called upon to gaze

gaze at the noble ſufferers: the great, under the preſſure of calamity, are conſcious of ſeveral others ſympathiſing with their diſtreſs; and have, at once, the comfort of admiration and pity.

There is nothing magnanimous in bearing misfortunes with fortitude when the whole world is looking on: men in ſuch circumſtances will act bravely even from motives of vanity; but he, who, in the vale of obſcurity, can brave adverſity; who, without friends to encourage, acquaintance to pity, or even without hope to alleviate his misfortunes, can behave with tranquility and indifference, is truly great; whether peaſant or courtier he deſerves admiration, and ſhould be held up for our imitation and reſpect.

While the ſlighteſt inconveniences of the great are magnified into calamities; while tragedy mouths out their ſufferings in all the ſtrains of eloquence, the miſeries of the poor are entirely diſregarded; and yet ſome of the lower rank of people undergo more real hardſhips in one day, than thoſe of a more exalted ſtation ſuffer in their whole lives. It is inconceivable what difficulties the meaneſt of our common ſailors and ſoldiers endure without murmuring or regret; without paſſionately declaiming againſt providence, or calling their fellows to be gazers on their intrepidity. Every day is to them a day of miſery, and yet they entertain their hard fate without repining.

With what indignation do I hear an Ovid, a Cicero, or a Rebutin, complain of their misfortunes and hardſhips, whoſe great calamity was that of being unable to viſit a certain ſpot of

earth, to which they had fooliſhly attached an idea of happineſs. Their diſtreſſes were pleaſures, compared to what many of the adventuring poor every day endure without murmuring. They ate, drank, and ſlept; they had ſlaves to attend them, and were ſure of ſubſiſtence for life; while many of their fellow-creatures are obliged to wander, without a friend to comfort and aſſiſt them, and even without a ſhelter from the ſeverity of the ſeaſon.

I have been led into theſe reflections from accidentally meeting, ſome days ago, a poor fellow, whom I knew when a boy, dreſſed in a ſailor's jacket, and begging at one of the outlets of the town, with a wooden leg. I knew him to be honeſt and induſtrious when in the country, and was curious to learn what had reduced him to his preſent ſituation. Wherefore, after giving him what I thought proper, I deſired to know the hiſtory of his life and misfortunes, and the manner in which he was reduced to his preſent diſtreſs. The diſabled ſoldier, for ſuch he was, though dreſſed in a ſailor's habit, ſcratching his head, and leaning on his crutch, put himſelf into a poſture to comply with my requeſt, and gave me his hiſtory as follows:

"As for my misfortunes, maſter, I can't pretend to have gone through any more than other folks; for except the loſs of my limb, and my being obliged to beg, I don't know any reaſon, thank heaven, that I have to complain; there is Bill Tibbs, of our regiment, has loſt both his legs, and an eye to boot; but, thank heaven, 'tis not ſo bad with me yet.

"I

" I was born in Shropſhire, my father was a labourer, and died when I was five years old; ſo I was put upon the pariſh. As he had been a wandering ſort of a man, the pariſhioners could not tell to what pariſh I belonged, or where I was born, ſo they ſent me to another pariſh, and that pariſh ſent me to a third. I thought, indeed, they would have kept ſending me about ſo long, that they would let me be born in no pariſh at all; but, at laſt, however, they fixed me. I had ſome diſpoſition to be a ſcholar, and was reſolved, at leaſt, to know my letters; but the maſter of the work-houſe put me to buſineſs as ſoon as I was able to handle a mallet; and here I lived an eaſy kind of life for five years. I only wrought ten hours in the day, and had my meat and drink provided for my labour. It is true I was not ſuffered to ſtir out of the houſe, for fear, as they ſaid, I ſhould run away: but what of that? I had the liberty of the whole houſe, and the yard before the door, and that was enough for me. I was then bound out to a farmer, where I was up both early and late; but I eat and drank well, and liked my buſineſs well enough till he died, when I was obliged to provide for myſelf; ſo I was reſolved to go and ſeek my fortune.

" In this manner I went from town to town, worked when I could get employment, and ſtarved when I could get none: when happening one day to go through a field belonging to a juſtice of peace, I ſpied a hare croſſing the path juſt before me; and I believe the devil put it in my head to fling my ſtick at it:—well, what will you have on't? I killed the hare, and was bringing it away in triumph, when the juſtice himſelf

ſelf met me: he called me poacher and a villain; and collaring me, deſired I would give an account of myſelf: I fell upon my knees, begged his worſhip's pardon, and began to give a full account of all that I knew of my breed, ſeed, and generation; but, though I gave a very good account, the juſtice would not believe a ſyllable I had to ſay; ſo I was indicted at the next ſeſſions, found guilty of being poor, and ſent up to London to Newgate, in order to be tranſported as a vagabond.

"People may ſay this and that of being in jail; but, for my part, I found Newgate as agreeable a place as ever I was in, in all my life. I had my belly-full to eat and drink, and did no work at all. This kind of life was too good to laſt for ever; ſo I was taken out of priſon, after five months, put on board a ſhip, and ſent off, with two hundred more, to the plantations. We had but an indifferent paſſage; for, being all confined in the hold, more than a hundred of our people died for want of ſweet air; and thoſe that remained were ſickly enough, God knows. When we came aſhore, we were ſold to the planters, and I was bound for ſeven years more. As I was no ſcholar, for I did not know my letters, I was obliged to work among the negroes; and I ſerved out my time as in duty bound to do.

"When my time was expired, I worked my paſſage home, and glad was I to ſee Old England again, becauſe I loved my country. I was afraid, however, that I ſhould be indicted for a vagabond once more, ſo did not much care to go down

down into the country, but kept about the town, and did little jobs when I could get them.

" I was very happy in this manner for ſome time, till one evening coming home from work, two men knocked me down, and then deſired me to ſtand. They belonged to a preſs-gang; I was carried before the juſtice, and as I could give no account of myſelf, I had my choice left, whether to go on board a man of war, or liſt for a ſoldier. I choſe the latter; and in this poſt of a gentleman, I ſerved two campaigns in Flanders, was at the battles of Val and Fontenoy, and received but one wound, through the breaſt here; but the doctor of our regiment ſoon made me well again.

" When the peace came on, I was diſcharged; and, as I could not work, becauſe my wound was ſometimes troubleſome, I liſted for a landman in the Eaſt-India Company's ſervice. I here fought the French in ſix pitched battles; and I verily believe, that, if I could read or write, our captain would have made me a corporal. But it was not my good fortune to have any promotion; for I ſoon fell ſick, and ſo got leave to return home with 40l. in my pocket. This was at the beginning of the late war, and I hoped to be ſet on ſhore, and to have the pleaſure of ſpending my money; but the government wanted men, and ſo I was preſſed for a ſailor before ever I could ſet foot on ſhore.

" The boatſwain found me, as he ſaid, an obſtinate fellow; he ſwore he knew that I underſtood my buſineſs well, but that I ſhammed Abraham, merely to be idle; but God knows, I knew nothing of ſea-buſineſs, and he beat me, with-

without conſidering what he was about. I had ſtill, however, my forty pounds, and that was ſome comfort to me under every beating; and the money I might have had to this day, but that our ſhip was taken by the French, and ſo I loſt all.

" Our crew was carried into Breſt, and many of them died, be cauſe they were not uſed to live in a jail: but, for my part, it was nothing to me, for I was ſeaſoned. One night, as I was ſleeping on the bed of boards, with a warm blanket about me, (for I always loved to lie well) I was awakened by the boatſwain, who had a dark lanthorn in his hand: " Jack, ſays he to me, will you knock out the French centry's brains?" " I don't care, ſays I, ſtriving to keep myſelf awake, if I lend a hand." " Then follow me, ſays he, and I hope we ſhall do buſineſs." So up I got, and tied my blanket, which was all the cloaths I had, about my middle, and went with him to fight the Frenchmen. I hate the French, becauſe they are all ſlaves, and wear wooden ſhoes.

" Though we had no arms, one Engliſhman is able to fight five French at any time; ſo we went down to the door, where both centries were poſted, and ruſhing upon them, ſeized their arms in a moment, and knocked them down. From thence nine of us ran together to the quay, and ſeizing the firſt boat we met, got out of the harbour and put to ſea. We had not been here three days, before we were taken up by the Dorſet privateer, who were glad of ſo many good hands; we conſented to run our chance. However, we had not as much luck as we expected. In three

days

days we fell in with the Pompadour privateer, of forty guns, while we had but twenty-three; ſo to it we went, yard-arm and yard-arm. The fight laſted for three hours, and I verily believe we ſhould have taken the Frenchman, had we but had ſome more men left behind; but, unfortunately, we loſt all our men, juſt as we were going to get the victory.

"I was once more in the power of the French, and I believe it would have gone hard with me, had I been brought back to Breſt; but, by good fortune, we were retaken by the Viper. I had almoſt forgot to tell you, that, in that engagement, I was wounded in two places; I loſt four fingers of the leſt-hand, and my leg was ſhot off. If I had had the good fortune to have loſt my leg, and uſe of my hand, on board a king's ſhip, and not aboard a privateer, I ſhould have been intitled to cloathing and maintenance, during the reſt of my life; but that was not my chance: one man is born with a ſilver ſpoon in his mouth, and another with a wooden ladle. However, bleſſed be God, I enjoy good health, and will for ever love liberty and Old England. Liberty, property, and Old England for ever, huzza!"

Thus ſaying, he limped off, leaving me in admiration at his intrepidity and content; nor could I avoid acknowledging, that an habitual acquaintance with miſery ſerves better than philoſophy to teach us to deſpiſe it.

A profound Meditation on a Broomſtick.
By Dean Swift.

THIS ſingle ſtick, which you now behold lying in that neglected corner, I once knew in a flouriſhing ſtate in a foreſt: it was full of *ſap*, full of *leaves*, and full of *boughs*; but now it is at beſt but the reverſe of what it was, a tree turned upſide down, the *branches* on the earth, and the *root* in the air: 'tis now handled by every dirty wench, condemned to do her drudgery, and deſtined to make other things clean, and be naſty itſelf; at length, worn to the ſtumps in the ſervice of the maids, 'tis either thrown out of doors, or condemned to the torture of kindling a fire.—When I beheld this, I ſighed, and ſaid within myſelf, *ſurely*, *mortal man* is a *Broomſtick*. Nature ſent him into the world ſtrong and luſty, wearing his own hair on his head, till the *axe* of intemperance has lopped off his green boughs, and left him a withered trunk. But a *Broomſtick*, perhaps you will ſay, is an emblem of a tree ſtanding on its head; and, pray, what is man but a topſy-turvy creature, his head where his heels ſhould be, groveling on the earth. And yet he wallows in the very ſame pollutions he pretends to ſweep away: his laſt days are ſpent in ſlavery to women, and generally the leaſt deſerving, till, worn to the *ſtumps*, like his *brother broom*, he is either kicked out of doors, or made uſe of to kindle flames for others to warm themſelves by.

The

The Origin of DUELLING, *as humorouſly repreſented by* G. A. Stevens.

FLattery, ſays he, (holding up a head half black, half white) was the cauſe of the firſt duel that ever was fought. This head belonged to a ſtatue, which was placed on a pyramid, in the middle of the highway where four roads met. Two knights-errant, the one from the north, the other from the ſouth, arrived at the pyramid at the ſame inſtant. The knight who ſaw but the white ſide, cried out, it was a ſhame to truſt a ſilver head on the high-way ſide.——A ſilver head!—replied the other, who ſaw but the black profile, why it is a black one! Flat contradiction produced fatal demonſtration. Their ſwords flew out, and they cut and mangled each other in an unmerciful manner, till, fainting with the loſs of blood, they both fell down on the oppoſite ſide; when, looking up, they beheld their miſtake. A venerable hermit bound up their wounds, replaced them on horſeback, and diſmiſſed them with this piece of friendly advice: That henceforward they ſhould not engage in any diſpute, nor take part in any quarrel, till they had previouſly examined *both ſides of the queſtion.*

RECEIPT

The CHOICE *of a* HUSBAND.

Written by a young Lady.

YOU aſk, if the thing to my choice were ſub-
ſubmitted,
You aſk how I'd wiſh in a man to be fitted?
I'll anſwer you freely, but beg you to mind him;
Your friendſhip, perhaps, may aſſiſt me to find
him.
His age and condition ſhould firſt be conſider'd
The roſe on his cheek ſhould be blown, but not
wither'd;
He ſhould be, then—but hark ye! a word in your
ear,
Don't you think Five-and-twenty would fit to a
hair?
His fortune, from debts and incumbrances
clear,
Unſaddled with jointures, a thouſand a year:
Though, to ſhew you at once, my good ſenſe
and good nature,
I'd not quarrel much, ſhould it chance to be
greater.
The qualities, next, of his heart and his head—
Good-natur'd and friendly, ſincere, and well-
bred;
With wit, when he pleas'd, on all ſubjects to
ſhine,
And ſenſe, not too great to ſet value on mine:
His learning and judgment, ſhould ſeldom ap-
pear;
And his courage be ſhewn, but when danger is
near;

With

With an eye that can melt at another man's woe;
A heart to forgive, and a hand to beſtow.
No coxcomb who boaſts of his knowledge, or arts;
Nor ſtiff with his learning, nor proud of his parts;
No dull, ſolemn blockhead, who'd fain be thought wiſe;
For, a fool I deteſt, and a fop I deſpiſe.
Thus I've try'd to mark out, in theſe whimſical lays,
The partner I wiſh for the reſt of my days:
Go find out the lad that is form'd to my plan;
And him I will marry——I mean if I can.
But, if it ſhould chance—there's a proverb, you know,
That marriage, and hanging, by deſtiny go—
Should it happen that fate has ſome other in ſtore,
The reverſe of the picture I gave you before.
Should I chance to be curſt with a fop, or a fool,
Too perverſe to be rul'd, yet too ſilly to rule,
What, then, could be done?—Without fighting, or arguing,
I think I would e'en make the beſt of my bargain:
I'd ſit down content with the lot that was mine,
And, though I might ſmart, yet I would not repine—
You may laugh, if you pleaſe: but I'll ſwear that I would
Do all I have told you——I mean if I could.

RECEIP

RECEIPT for making PUNCH.

To a FRIEND.

ONE bottle of arrack, the laſt of my ſtore,
(For your ſake, and mine, I could wiſh it were more)
From the cave, where quite bury'd in ſaw-duſt it lay,
Reſtor'd once again to the light of the day,
To the friends of the muſe, whoſe benevolent care
Our labours reward with a plumb, or a pear,
The poet preſents—and, leſt you miſtake it—
He ſends you, moreover, inſtructions to make it.
As the bottle is big, and the liquor is rough,
Four lemons, I doubt, will be little enough:
For ſugar, you know it depends upon taſte;
But 'twill take, in my mind, half a pound at the leaſt:
Let your water be boil'd; and, when it is cool,
Pour in juſt two quarts—an infallible rule—
Then ſtir it three times; the buſineſs is done.
(If you have not a ladle, make uſe of a ſpoon)
Fill your glaſſes all round; and—you know what ſhould follow—
'Long life and good health to the ſons of APOLLO!'

Original

Original Anecdote of Mr. THOMSON, *the Author of the* SEASONS.

MR. Thomſon, while a ſtudent of divinity at the univerſity of Edinburgh, was entertained as private tutor to Lord Cranſton's eldeſt ſon, and ſpent the ſummer months at the ſeat of that family.

During his continuance in this character, young Thomſon was ſmitten with the beauties of Miſs Cranſton; and, as he could have no hopes of gratifying his paſſion, he was willing at leaſt to gratify his curioſity, which he did in the following manner: He lay in the room immediately above Miſs Cranſton's: Miſs Cranſton's room was not ceiled, a circumſtance which may ſeem extremely ſingular to the Engliſh reader of theſe days, but which was by no means ſingular in Scotland at that time. He was deſirous to ſee Miſs Cranſton undreſſed; or, if poſſible, naked: he therefore found means to make a hole through the floor, into which he put a cork to prevent diſcovery; and when he thought the young lady would be going to bed, of which it may be ſuppoſed he had in general pretty good information, he pulled out the cork, and laid his eye to the hole, to admire the beauties of his beloved object.

One evening, however, when either his curioſity had led him more early to his ſtation, or when Miſs Cranſton was later of going to bed, or when he was drowſy, or whatever elſe was the cauſe he fell faſt aſleep, and, inſtead of his eye, his mouth

mouth met the hole, and there he lay, and ſnored.

Miſs Cranſton was alarmed at the ſound. She called her maid, and enquired of the cauſe. Waiting-maids are a kind of Arguſes: her maid was no ſtranger to the phænomenon.

"O lud! cries ſhe, it is Mr. Thomſon; he is fallen aſleep at his hole."

"What hole?"—replied the young lady.

"Have patience, Madam, and I will tell you; ſo you know nothing of the matter!"

"How ſhould I?"—interrupted Miſs Cranſton?

"How ſhould you not? For if any man had looked half ſo tenderly at me, I ſhould have known it long ago: Mr. Thomſon, Madam, is deſperately in love with you. He talks about you, in his ſleep, ſo loud, that I can hear him in the garret; which, to be ſure, is not far from his room: howſoever, he is almoſt out of his wits about you; and, in ſweeping the room, Betty tells me, ſhe has, for ſome time paſt, diſcovered a hole filled up with a cork, of which I can eaſily conceive the uſe."

"How the girl raves!"—cries Miſs Cranſton.

"It is no raving, I aſſure you, Madam; and, if you will only let me make uſe of the candle, I will ſhew you ſome ſport.

So ſaying, ſhe ſeized the candle, and, ſtepping up on a chair, applied it to the lips of poor Thomſon; who, forgetting where he was, ſprung up with as loud a roar as if all the devils in hell had been torturing him; and it was not without the utmoſt difficulty he could be prevailed on to go to bed, though entirely ignorant of the affront.

Anecdote

ANECDOTE *of* SHUTER.

AT the close of that season in which Shuter first became so universally and so deservedly celebrated, for performing the character of *Master Stephen*, in the revived comedy of *Every Man in his Humour*, he was engaged to perform a few nights in a principal city in the north of England—It happened, that the stage in which he went down (and in which there was only an old gentleman and himself) was stopped on the other side Finchley Common, by a single highwayman, who having put the usual compliments to the old gentleman, and received his contribution, turned towards Shuter (who sat on the other side of the coach asleep, or at least pretending to be so) saluting him with a smart slap on the face, and presenting his pistol, he commanded him to deliver his money instantly, or he was a dead man. "Money," returns the droll, with a shrug, a very deliberate yawn, and a countenance inexpressibly vacant, "O lud, Sir, they "never trusts me with any; for nuncle here, "always pays for me twinpikes an all, your ho-"nour." The highwayman gave him a few curses for his stupidity, and rode off, while the old gentleman grumbled, and Shuter, with infinite satisfaction and laugh, pursued the rest of his journey.

Anecdote of the late Dr. G—y.

CLEORA had heard of the fame of the late Dr. G——y, the Scots Eſculapius, and poſted to Edinburgh to conſult him about her health. As ſoon as ſhe got there, ſhe ſent for the Doctor, and talked of laſſitude; he told her, it was owing to her journey. She ſaid, ſhe had no appetite in the evening; the Doctor ordered her to eat a light dinner. She complained that ſhe was ſubject to watchings; he deſired her to go late to bed. She aſked why ſhe become heavy, and what remedy for ſuch languor: the doctor replied, that ſhe ſhould riſe more early, and take exerciſe. She proteſted that wine hurt her; he told her to drink water. She had indigeſtions; he preſcribed bitters.

"But my eyes fail me."—ſaid Cleora.

"Make uſe of ſpectacles,"—replied the Doctor.

"My ſtrength likewiſe (added ſhe) begins to fail me; I am neither ſo healthy nor ſo ſtout as I have been."

"Becauſe you grow in years,"—anſwered he.

"And what remedy for that weakneſs?"

"The ſhorteſt, Madam, (returned the Doctor) to pay the debt of mortality, as ſo many beauties have done before you."

"Learned phyſician! (ſaid Cleora, toſſing up her head) is this all the comfort you can give me?—Is it for theſe few ſimple maxims that you are ſo much renowned?—You have told me nothing but what I know already."

"Why

" Why did you not then make uſe of your knowledge? (replied the Doctor) I pretend to no divination: If you wanted myſterious remedies, you might have found them in London, and have ſaved yourſelf the trouble of ſo long a journey."

ANECDOTE *of* VOLTAIRE.

WHEN Voltaire was in England ſome years ago, Lord Cheſterfield (who was extremely fond of his company, and who correſponded with the bard till his death) invited him to dinner, which invitation he accepted; but finding the vails he was obliged to give the ſervants much more than would have paid for a dinner at a tavern, he declined the ſecond, and even the third invitation, being always previouſly engaged; when Lord Cheſterfield meeting Voltaire one day in the park, he preſſed him ſtrongly to come and eat ſoup with him; but Voltaire ſtill declined it, ſaying, " Upon my word, my Lord, I cannot afford it." His Lordſhip was aſtoniſhed at firſt, but an explanation taking place, Lord Cheſterfield ordered, on pain of loſing their places, all his ſervants to refuſe taking of vails. This was the firſt example given for reforming this evil, which has been followed by moſt of the nobility, who make a proper allowance to their domeſtics in lieu of this perquiſite.

AFFECTING ANECDOTE.

AT Lyons in the month of June, in the year 1770, a young couple, Faldoni, and Tereſa Mecenier, who had conceived a paſſion for each other, meeting with an inſurmountable obſtacle to their union, that of her father's refuſal, deſperately determined to put an end to their exiſtence with piſtols. The place they choſe for the execution of their terrible project was a chapel that ſtood at a little diſtance from where they lived. They even decorated the altar for the occaſion, and paid a particular attention to their dreſs. Tereſa was dreſſed in white with roſe coloured ribbands. The ſame coloured ribbands were tied to the piſtols. Each held the ribband that was faſtened to the other trigger, which they drew at a ſignal agreed upon, and fell together. Arria and Petus, adds M. Voltaire, who tells the ſtory, firſt ſet the example; but then it muſt be conſidered, they were condemned to death by a tyrant, whereas love was the only inventor and perpetrator of the deed we have recorded.

ANECDOTE *of a fighting Woman.*

LA Maupin, an opera girl at Paris, had often ſignalized herſelf by valourous exploits By having

having been brought up in the midſt of academical exerciſes, ſhe became exceeding fond of fencing. She often dreſſed herſelf in men's cloaths, in the view either of diverting herſelf, or revenging affronts. An opera actor, by the name of Dumenil, having inſulted her, ſhe, habited cavalier like, watched his coming out of one of his haunts one evening in the Place des Victoires, and challenged him to fight her. On his refuſal ſhe caned him, and took from him his watch and ſnuff-box. Dumenil, the next day, related his adventure at the opera-houſe, but quite different from the manner of its happening. He bragged of having valiantly defended himſelf againſt three ſtreet robbers, and that notwithſtanding his reſiſtance, they had taken from him his watch and ſnuff-box. "It is a lie, ſaid ſhe, thou coward; thou waſt attacked only by me, and as a proof of what I ſay, here I return to thee thy watch and ſnuff-box." Dumenil withdrew without ſaying a word.

Being at a ball, given by the king's brother, in the Palais Royal, and diſguiſed as uſual, in men's cloaths, ſhe there, from ſome indecent words ſpoken to a young lady, drew upon her the reſentment of three gentlemen, the lady's friends, who, taking aſide the pretended cavalier, made her walk down to the ſquare. La Maupin ſtepped out without heſitation, drew her ſword, and wounded all three. Returning coolly to the ball-room, ſhe made herſelf known to the king's brother, who obtained her pardon. This ſingular girl died towards the end of 1707, aged 33. She was the delight of the opera, by as fine a voice as was ever heard there before.

ANECDOTES of LEWIS XIV.

THE Dutcheſs of Burgundy, when ſhe was very young, ſeeing an officer at ſupper one evening with Lewis XIV. that had no reaſon to thank nature for the beauty of his countenance, was very loud in the ridicule of his perſon: "Madam, (ſaid the king to her, ſtill louder) I think him one of the hanſomeſt men in my kingdom, for he is one of the braveſt."

A general officer, an abrupt kind of a man, who had loſt an arm in an action, and complained to the king, who had, however, recompenſed him as far as the loſs of an arm can be recompenſed; told Lewis, "He wiſhed he had loſt the other, that he might then ſerve his majeſty no more." "I ſhould be ſorry for that," ſaid Lewis, "both for your ſake and mine;" and immediately granted him the favour he had been ſolliciting.

Anecdote of the Emperor Charles *the Fifth.*

THE court of this great monarch at Bruſſels, was remarkably magnificent, and filled with perſons of the moſt illuſtrious rank. Among theſe were two women of the firſt quality; between whom a diſpute aroſe in point of Pre-eminence, each claiming a right to enter the church

firſt.

firſt. The emperor in order to put a ſtop to all future conteſts of ſuperiority of birth, determined to be himſelf arbiter in this cauſe. We may figure to ourſelves the intrigues, the cabals, ſolicitations, recommendations, long liſts of illuſtrious anceſtors, ſupported by indiſputable authorities, that were formed on this occaſion; indeed, all thoſe arts were employed, which are too much practiſed in our modern elections. All this time, the emperor, who viewed the buſtle with a ſmile, was not in the leaſt affected by the parade of falſe glory, but remained fixed to his deſign, immoveable as a rock.—The day at laſt approached, in which this weighty and momentous affair was to be decided. Had the fate of kings and empires been at ſtake, the general attention of all ranks could not have been more attracted than it was upon this idle diſpute of two vain women: the hopes and fears of oppoſite parties, agitated every breaſt;—but what was their aſtoniſhment when the emperor pronounced, as his *final* decree—that the *moſt fooliſh* of the two ſhould have the preference.

Whimſical Anecdote of the late Duke *of* Newcaſtle.

AT the cloſe of an election at Lewes, the late duke of Newcaſtle was ſo delighted with the conduct of a caſting voter, that he almoſt *fell upon his neck and kiſſed him.* "My dear friend! I love you dearly. You're the greateſt

man in the world. I long to ſerve you. What can I do for you?" "May it pleaſe your grace, an exciſeman of this town is very old: I would beg leave to ſucceed him as ſoon as he ſhall die." "Aye, that you ſhall with all my heart. I wiſh, for your ſake, he was dead and buried now. As ſoon as he is, ſet out to me, my dear friend: be it night or day, inſiſt upon ſeeing me, ſleeping or waking: If I am not at Claremont, come to Lincoln's-inn-fields; if I am not at Lincoln's-inn-fields, come to Court: If I am not at Court, never reſt till you find me; not the *ſanctum ſanctorum*, or any place, ſhall be kept ſacred from ſuch a dear, worthy, good ſoul as you are. Nay, I'll give orders for you to be admitted, though the king and I were talking ſecrets together in the Cabinet." The voter ſwallowed every thing with extaſy; and ſcraping down to the very ground, retired to wait in faith for the death of the exciſeman. The latter took his leave of this wicked world in the following Winter. As ſoon as ever the duke's friend was apprized of it, he ſet off for London, and reached Lincoln's-inn-fields by about two o'clock in the morning. The king of Spain had, about this time been ſeized by a diſorder which ſome of the Engliſh had been induced to believe, by ſome particular expreſſes, he could not poſſibly ſurvive. Amongſt theſe, the noble duke was the moſt credulous, and probably the moſt anxious. On the very firſt moment of receiving his intelligence, he had diſpatched couriers to Madrid, who were commanded to return with unuſual haſte, as ſoon as ever the death of his catholic majeſty ſhould have been announced.

Ignorant

Ignorant of the hour in which they might arrive, and impatient of the fate of every hour, the duke would not retire to his reſt till he had given the ſtricteſt orders to his attendants, to ſend any perſon to his chamber, who ſhould deſire an admittance. When the voter aſked if he was at home, he was anſwered by the porter—" Yes; his grace has been in bed ſome time, but we were directed to awaken him as ſoon as ever you came."—" Ah, God bleſs him! I know that the duke always told me I ſhould be welcome by night or by day. Pray ſhew me up."—The happy viſitor was ſcarcely conducted to the door, when he ruſhed into the room, and, in the tranſport of his joy, cried out, " My Lord, he is dead."—" That's well, my dear Friend! I'm glad of it, with all my ſoul. When did he die?"—The morning before laſt, and pleaſe your grace."—What? ſo lately! Why, my worthy, good creature, you muſt have flown. The lightening itſelf could not travel half ſo faſt as you. Tell me, you beſt of men, how ſhall I reward you?"—" All I wiſh for in this world, is, that your grace would pleaſe to remember your kind promiſe, and appoint me to ſucceed him." " You, you blockhead! you king of Spain! What family pretenſions can you have? Let's look at you."—By this time the aſtoniſhed duke threw back the curtains, and recollected the face of his electioneering friend; but it was ſeen with rage and diſappointment. To have robbed him of his reſt, might eaſily have been forgiven; but to have fed him with a groundleſs ſuppoſition that the king of Spain was dead, became a matter of reſentment. He was, at firſt, diſmiſſed

with all the violence of anger and refuſal. At length, the victim of his paſſion became an object of his mirth; and, when he felt the ridicule that marked the incident, he raiſed the candidate for monarchy into a poſt, which, from the colour of the *preſent* times, may ſeem at leaſt as honourable; he made him an exciſeman.

Example not more obſerved in ſome than Precept.

TO be taught, by precept, to avoid againſt the faillings of mankind, has been the leſſon of many an excellent moraliſt; but unhappily precepts are looked on ſo ſlightly, that not one in an hundred, or, I may ſay, in a thouſand, who look on them in any other light than fictitious ſtories, intended, as they are, to reclaim them from folly to prudence; but young people think themſelves wiſe enough without inſtruction, and only laugh and jeſt with thoſe who have their good willl at heart. It is a good old obſervation; Set an old head on young ſhoulders, they would then ſee their follies. Examples to ſome are very rare examples to others, they are no ſooner over than forgot, and others come but to no effect, ſo that they are always involving their ruin in the very midſt of melancholy example. There are ſuch an innumerable number of vices, which every one is ſubject to, that i is an impoſſibility, without great circumſpection,

to

to avoid being drawn in to ſome one or other. Many men can talk and write well on the ſubject, but it generally happens, they who can do ſo the beſt are more in need of reproof, whether it may be from a habit of their being long uſed to it, by which they well know the inconveniences, or from a natural averſion, which, though they have a deſire to get from, the habitual exceſs is ſo ſtrong, they cannot avoid it, and then ſome, with a good intent do their endeavours to deter others from that ſame habitual vice, which, if laid ſtrong hold of, will ſeldom or never be got from it. I know a perſon, in the courſe of my acquaintance, who is the moſt drunken, lazy, and guilty of every vice of that kind which is bad; but though, in this unfortunate ſituation, I know of no one more capable of giving inſtruction on theſe general vices. The loſs of lives, fortunes, friends, and acquaintance, are all brought on by being tied to ſome predominant vice, when examples of almoſt any kind might be had in the ſmall round of a perſon's own acquaintance, letting alone the daily examples that are heard of in the general courſe of things. But many there are, who ſhould take example by others, ſcarce can guard againſt the ſame misfortunes their own family have run into, and very often we ſee three, nay even four, who fall by the ſame vice, *viz.* extravagance, in one ſingle family. One would naturally think, that the folly and misfortunes of the eldeſt branch of a family would cauſe emotions in the younger to guard againſt them: but, alas! many ſtrive to outvie their elders in extravagances, ſo that it ſeems as if it was more a family diſorder, than

misfortunes drawn on themſelves. If then, as this is the caſe, how is it to be wondered at, that people in general make a mock of precept, when they will not follow real example, and often examples which are alone, without running farther diſgrace to a family. It is ſomething ſimilar to the dog and the ſhadow, for in ſhort it is no more, they let the ſubſtance ſlip from them, and then have the mortification of the ſhadow, which is the diſappointment in their own mind; and having no proſpect but to look back at that which would have been their conſtant ſupport. Caſt a reflection on any vice you think of, and, at the ſame time, if you cannot find an example of its being detrimental, I doubt not but you will find it ſo, let it be what it will.

Reading hiſtories of perſons and families who have ruined themſelves, have only the preſent momentary reflection; they at the time ſee and think of their folly, and wonder much at it; and is it not more a wonder to find that many will, after the hearing of the tragical event of ſuch, as ſoon as the tale is finiſhed, run into one, or perhaps the very ſame, of which before they had reſolved to avoid; but cuſtom having got the better of their underſtanding, they are dragged away by their ungovernable paſſion. There is not any thing that is either hurtful, or beneficial to any man, but what there is precedent for, and, on the other hand, nothing but what there is an example for. It is natural to ſee one man ſtrive to excel another in doing that which is of ſervice to the community, to gain praiſe, which is the intent that we have our being for, not to ſtrive to excel others in riot, debauchery, and every other

vice

vice that is bad. How commendable is it to be deemed an honeſt well-meaning man, and how deteſtable to be deemed a bad one; but of theſe two there are certainly many; and I leave it to my readers to conſider which of the two are thought the moſt commendable in their own breaſts: that which it thought beſt, if perſons of ſenſibility, they will follow; the diſcernment of theſe two are very eaſy. When a perſon on a journey thinks he goes out of his way, how natural it is for him to aſk if he is right, and if not to be put in; this is when pleaſure is the purſuit: but when a perſon is going on in habitual vice, in making his friends his foes, himſelf a diſgrace to every one, and deſpiſed by the whole world, although he is confident he is going wrong, he will not ſtop, or aſk of a friend, though it might be as eaſy as turning out of one road into another. How eaſy is it to loſe the eſteem of friends! how hard to regain it! but ſuch thoughts ſeldom enter the heads of ſuch people, till it avails not. Though, in moſt people, precepts fail, and in many, example ſignifies little, precepts always may be had, examples always found; but each of them are ſo little attended to, that very ſeldom does much good accrue from them. If then, as the caſe is, that people in general will not attend to example, it is no wonder that precepts are laid aſide; and it plainly appears that, where the perſon is bent on follies, that neither precept or example will avail any thing. That they may both have their natural conſideration in all kinds of people in general, is the ſincere wiſh of the *Friend*.

The UNHAPPY MARRIAGE.

MR. Watſon was an eminent Weſt-India merchant, who had acquired a very large fortune, moſt of which was veſted in the public funds. When he was upwards of forty, he married a briſk young lady, who bore him ſeveral children; but they all died young, except Æmilia, the unhappy ſubject of this narrative. She was brought up in the moſt tender manner, under the fond eyes of her indulgent parents, till ſhe was ten years of age, and then ſhe was ſent to a boarding-ſchool at Hampſtead. There ſhe acquired the knowledge of French and Italian, with muſic, dancing, and all ſorts of needle-work.

When ſhe was fifteen, ſhe loſt her mother, who was taken off by a violent fever, in conſequence of having over-heated herſelf, dancing at a city ball. As Mr. Watſon loved his wife in the moſt tender manner, ſo he remained diſconſolate for his loſs; but when he began to reflect that his daughter was almoſt able to manage his domeſtic affairs, he ſent for her home, and was pleaſed to find what progreſs ſhe had made in learning.

Emilia was tall and well proportioned, had fine dark eyes, and brown hair, her voice was extremely agreeable, and there was ſomething in the whole of her deportment ſo engaging, that few could behold her without admiration. He gave her every indulgence conſiſtent with his duty as a parent, and by the time ſhe had completed her

her ſeventeenth year, he had the pleaſure to ſee her grown up to her full ſize, and daily acquiring new accompliſhments.

In the ſame ſtreet in which Mr. Watſon lived, was the houſe of one Mr. Melleſs, a merchant of great eminence in trede; but, unfortunately, he and Mr. Watſon happened once to have a very expenſive law-ſuit, in which the latter was caſt; and ſo enraged were they at each other, that when they met in the ſtreets, they would not ſpeak. The one would not go into the coffee-houſe which the other frequented; nor was any of their ſervants allowed to meet at the ſame alehouſe. Mr. Melleſs had ſeveral children, ſome of whom were married; and his domeſtic affairs were managed by his youngeſt daughter, an agreeable lady, not much turned of twenty.

Emilia, who was not allowed to ſpeak to any one belonging to Mr. Melleſs, happened one evening to be at a ball, and a young gentleman, finely dreſſed, made choice of her as a partner. She did not know his name; but, when the dancing was over, and he conducted her to his coach, how great was her ſurpriſe to hear him called Melleſs. This young gentleman was the ſon of Mr. Melleſs, and had managed the greateſt part of his buſineſs ſeveral years; but Emilia had never ſeen him before.

He was extremely handſome in his ſhape, and agreeable in his features; but had not read much, nor was he very well acquainted with the world. He was, however, very polite in his manners, and had ſomething in his behaviour that charmed all thoſe who converſed with him. In his dreſs

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he was neat rather than fine; and was altogether free from the leaſt affectation; ſo that with moſt people, who knew him, he paſſed for a more accompliſhed gentleman than he really was.

He had often ſeen Emilia; but as it was in company with her father, he knew that he could not be allowed to ſpeak to her; for Mr. Watſon would ſooner have married his daughter to a footman, than to any one belong to Mr. Melleſs. Emilia told the young gentleman to ſet her down before they came to the end of the ſtreet where her father lived; but, unfortunately, juſt as ſhe was coming out of the coach, her father happened to paſs by, and ſaw who ſhe was in company with. He took no notice, but walked home; ſhe called for a chair, that ſet her down at her father's door.

When ſhe came into the parlour, her father aſked with whom ſhe had been been dancing; to which ſhe anſwered, that a young gentleman had choſen her for a partner at the ball; but ſhe could not tell his name. "That is a little ſtrange, ſaid the father, that your memory ſhould be ſo bad, when it is but a few minutes ſince I ſaw you come out of his coach. Emilia turned pale, burſt into tears, and falling on her knees, implored her father's pardon, declaring, in the moſt ſolemn manner, that ſhe never ſaw the gentleman before that night; and her meeting with him was merely accidental. Mr. Watſon, however, did not pay much regard to what was ſaid by his daughter, for he concluded, that they had met together at the ball, in conſequence of ſome previous appointment.

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He told her he would forgive her for the preſent offence; but if ever he ſhould know of her being in his company again, he would diſpoſe of his fortune in ſuch a manner, that ſhe ſhould not enjoy any of it.

Next morning Mr. Watſon received the following letter, the contents of which had almoſt driven him to a ſtate of madneſs.

SIR,

" I had the honour to meet your daughter by accident, laſt night, at the ball; and muſt acknowledge ſhe has many more accompliſhments than ever I knew fall to the ſhare of one of her ſex; but, alas! I am writing to one who I fear will pay no regard to my ſtrongeſt arguments. But ſurely, Sir, you are a rational creature; and although my father and you were ſo unfortunate as to have a law-ſuit, yet why ſhould you continue your hatred to his ſon. If my father ever did you an injury, why ſhould I be blamed for it, ſeeing I am innocent. How much more noble would it be to forgive, than reſent an injury: nor can we repeat the Lord's Prayer in ſincerity, unleſs we freely forgive our enemies."

" Let me beg, Sir, that a reconciliation may yet take place between my father and you; that you may live like neighbours; and, as a bond of that union, let your lovely daughter be mine.

" In hopes of a favourable anſwer, I am, Sir, with the utmoſt reſpect,

" Your moſt obedient ſervant,

" CHARLES MELLESS."

Had

Had news arrived that the Spaniards had ſeized his plantations in the Weſt-Indies, had all his uninſured veſſels been ſunk, or had the Gazette told him that his banker had failed, Mr. Watſon could not have raved more like a madman than he did when he received the young gentleman's letter. His daughter ſeeing him in ſuch agitation of mind, and not knowing what was the matter, was going to aſk him; when, in the violence of his paſſion, he ſtruck her a terrible blow on the temples, which brought her to the ground.

The poor young lady ſcreamed out, and the ſervants ran to her aſſiſtance; while her father ſtood trembling with the violence of his paſſion. The ſervants told Emilia, that the letter came from young Mr. Melleſs, and therefore they did not wonder that their maſter ſhould be ſo enraged, as the parents had kept up a continual hatred of each other for more than twelve years.

"Alas!" ſaid Emilia, "and do they expect to be forgiven when they die? But I am innocent, and why ſhould I ſuffer?"

There is nothing ſo much ſtimulates love, as oppoſition. When young people of both ſexes are allowed to meet freely together, while they behave with decency, courtſhip goes on more rationally and ſmooth than when the parents are very ſtrict in their orders for them not to meet. Prohibitions of this nature, without the moſt juſtifiable reaſons, ſeldom end in any thing good; for they put young lovers upon the invention of ſchemes that otherwiſe would never have been thought of by them. Nay, there are many young women, as well as men, who elope with a lover, whom, had they been allowed to meet in

in a regular manner, they would never have married; becauſe they would have ſeen into their natural temper.

Such was the caſe with Miſs Watſon; ſhe could not bear to think that the young gentleman ſhould be treated with ſo much indignity, for no other reaſon than that her father and his once had a law-ſuit, and that he had danced with her at a ball.

When Mr. Watſon's paſſion had ſo far ſubſided, that he was able to hold a pen, he folded up the young gentleman's letter in a cover, on the inſide of which he wrote the following, addreſſed to old Mr. Melleſs.

"SIR,

"You will ſee by the incloſed, what a raſcal your ſon is, to have the impudence to ſpeak to my daughter, or to write letters to me. If he ever preſumes to write to me again, I ſhall not ſpare his bones, having bought an exceeding good cudgel for that purpoſe.

"G. W."

As old Melleſs hated Mr. Watſon as much as the latter did him, ſo when he ſaw the young gentleman's letter, he was as much enraged againſt his ſon, as the other had been againſt his daughter. He told Charles, that he would diſcard him for ever if he ſpoke to the young lady again, for he was determined that none of his family ſhould, while he lived, be connected with Mr. Watſon's.

Charles promiſed ſubmiſſion and obedience; but promiſes are more eaſily made than kept, eſpecially

eſpecially in love affairs. The week after this affair of the ball, Mr. Watſon was obliged to go to Falmouth, on account of a ſhip of his being ſtranded on the coaſt near that town; and he did not return in leſs than a week.

Charles, who had learned, by giving a guinea to one of the ſervants, where Miſs Watſon's milliner lived, went to the ſhop, and left a letter for the young lady. It was not long before he received an anſwer; and from the contents he found, that notwithſtanding all that her father had ſaid, yet his perſon was not indifferent to her.

By the aſſiſtance of the very obliging milliner, the two lovers had an interview, which was as affecting as could be imagined, eſpecially when it is conſidered under what reſtraints they both lay. But although they kept their meetings as ſecret as poſſible, yet it was not long before Mr. Watſon diſcovered them. One of his footmen had lately married the cook-maid; and the young couple had taken a public houſe, near to where the milliner lived; ſo that they often ſaw Miſs Watſon go in, and Charles ſoon after her. They knew that theſe meetings muſt be unknown to the old gentleman; and therefore the publican, in order to procure favour with his late maſter, who had lent him money to buy the leaſe of his houſe, went and informed Mr. Watſon, who ordered his daughter to be confined in a cloſe room, to which there was only one ſmall window, looking into the yard behind the houſe.

As ſhe had never known what confinement was before, this ſeverity threw her into a fever; and though ſhe recovered a little from it, yet melancholy

lancholy preyed upon her ſpirits: and her phyſicians told her father that ſhe muſt try what effect the waters at Scarborough would have upon her. To this her father conſented, becauſe he had been informed that young Mr. Melleſs was gone over to Rotterdam, in Holland, to ſettle ſome buſineſs relating to a failure that had happened there.

Accordingly, the young lady was ſent to Scarborough, under the care of an aged female, a diſtant relation of Mr. Watſon; who had ſtrict orders not to let her ſee any letters that came to her, unleſs from him. But this caution was needleſs; for the day after her arrival at Scarborough, as ſhe was walking by the ſea-ſide, ſhe met young Mr. Melleſs in company with the captain of a Dutch ſhip.

It ſeems, Charles had ſettled his buſineſs at Rotterdam; and, as it was in the ſummer ſeaſon, he thought he could not ſpend a few weeks better, than by viſiting ſome of the moſt noted curioſities in the north of England. For this purpoſe he landed at Scarborough, and had only been a few hours on ſhore, when he was met by Emilia. Their mutual tranſports were ſo ſudden, that they could ſcarce believe their own eyes; and, leſt any thing ſhould ſeparare them for the future, they ſet off the ſame night for Scotland, where they were married; and then returned to Scarborough.

As ſoon as Mr. Watſon heard of his daughter's mariage, he made his addreſſes to a young milliner of nineteen, upon whom he ſettled all his fortune; and Mr. Melleſs ſo much reſented the conduct of his ſon, that he made his will, and cut him off with a ſhilling.

The

The young couple being thus left deſtitute, were ſoon reduced to great diſtreſs; and Emilia, being taken in labour, died along with her child. Charles did not long ſurvive her; for not being able to endure the thoughts of ſtaying any longer in England, he went over to the Eaſt Indies, where he was ſeized with a fever, which ſoon put a period to his life.

Murders, though long concealed, generally brought to Light.

IN the year 1745, one Daniel Clark, a ſhoemaker of Knareſborough, in Yorkſhire, having been newly married, entered into a confederacy with Eugene Aram, and one Houſeman, a flax-dreſſer, to defraud ſeveral perſons of plate and goods, under pretence of having received a good fortune with his wife. This Clarke effectually did, and obtained goods and plate to a great value from different perſons: which were lodged in Aram's houſe.

Soon after Clark was miſſing; and a ſuſpicion ariſing from the intimacy with Aram and Houſeman, that they might be concerned in the fraud, ſearch was made, and ſome of the goods were found at Houſeman's, and others dug up in Aram's garden; but as no plate was found, it was believed that Clarke had made off with that, and the buſineſs was no more thought of till 14 years after, in the year 1758, when ſome workmen

men digging about St. Robert's cave, near Knareſborough, found the remains of a human body; which incident revived the remembrance of Clarke.

The wife of Eugene Aram (who had withdrawn from this part of the country) intimated a ſuſpicion that Houſeman and her huſband had murdered Clarke, on ſeeing them in cloſe conference the night before Clarke's departure, and finding ſeveral pieces of linen and woollen, which ſhe ſuſpected to be his wearing apparel.

This turned people's attention on Houſeman, who being ſhewed the ſkeleton, diſcovered all the marks of fear and guilt, and dropt this unguarded expreſſion: taking up one of the bones, he ſaid, "this is no more Dan Clarke's bone than it is mine," which ſhewed, that he was ſo ſure that thoſe bones were not Clarke's, he muſt know more about them: on which, being farther examined, he then confeſſed that the bones of Clarke were depoſited in St. Robert's Cave; where being found in the poſture deſcribed, Houſeman was admitted king's evidence, and impeached Aram, who, at that time, was uſher of a ſchool at Lynn, in Norfolk; alſo one Terry.

From Aram's trial, which was on Auguſt 3, 1759, it ſeems that Houſeman and Aram murdered Clarke, and dragged his body into the cave, where it was found in the poſture deſcribed by Houſeman; and that they returned home with the cloaths, which they burnt, according to the teſtimony of Aram's wife, who found the threads. It appeared farther on the trial, that Aram poſſeſſed himſelf of Clarke's fortune which he got with

with his wife, a little before, about 1601. And thus, after fourteen years concealment, this notable diſcovery was made by the accidental finding of a ſkeleton.

The ſpeech made by Aram in his defence, being a ſpecimen of his genius and learning, and replete with facts appertaining to this ſubject, we ſhall give it our readers at lengh.

" Firſt, my lord, the whole tenor of my conduct in life contradicts every particular of this indictment. Yet I had never ſaid this, did not my preſent circumſtances extort it from me, and ſeem to make it neceſſary. Permit me here, my lord, to call upon malignity itſelf, ſo long and cruelly buſied in this proſecution, to charge upon me any immorality, of which prejudice was not the author. No, my lord, I concerted no ſchemes of fraud, projected no violence, injured no man's perſon or property. My days were honeſtly laborious, my nights intenſely ſtudious. And I humbly conceive, my notice of this, eſpecially at this time, will not be thought impertinent, or unſeaſonable; but, at leaſt, deſerving ſome attention: becauſe, my lord, that any perſon, after a temperate uſe of life, a ſeries of thinking and acting regularly, and without one ſingle deviation from ſobriety, ſhould plunge into the very depth of profligacy, precipitately and at once, is altogether improbable and unprecedented, and abſolutely inconſiſtent with the courſe of things. Mankind is never corrupted at once: villainy is always progreſſive, and declines from right, ſtep by ſtep, till every regard of probity is loſt, and every ſenſe of all moral obligations totally periſhes.

Again,

" Again, my lord, a ſuſpicion of this kind, which nothing but malevolence could entertain, and ignorance propagate, is violently oppoſed by my very ſituation at that time, with reſpect to health: for, but a little ſpace before, I had been confined to my bed, and ſuffered under a very long and ſevere diſorder, and was not able, for half a year together, ſo much as to walk. The diſtemper left me indeed, and yet ſlowly and in part: but ſo macerated, ſo enfeebled, that I was reduced to crutches; and was ſo far from being well about the time I am charged with this fact, that I never to this day perfectly recovered. Could then a perſon in this condition take any thing into his head ſo unlikely, ſo extravagant? I, paſt the vigour of my age, feeble and valetudinary, with no inducement to engage, no ability to accompliſh, no weapon wherewith to perpetrate ſuch a fact; without intereſt, without power, without motive, without means.

" Beſides, it muſt needs occur to every one, that an action of this atrocious nature is never heard of, but when its ſprings are laid open, it appears that it was to ſupport ſome indolence, or ſupply ſome luxury; to ſatisfy ſome avarice, or oblige ſome malice; to prevent ſome real, or ſome imaginary want: yet I lay not under the influence of any one of theſe. Surely, my lord, I may, conſiſtent with both truth and modeſty, affirm thus much; and none who have any veracity, and know me, will ever queſtion this.

" In the ſecond place, the diſappearance of Clarke is ſuggeſted as an argument of his being dead: but the uncertainty of ſuch an inference from that, and the infallibility of all concluſions

of ſuch ſort from ſuch a circumſtance, are too obvious, and too notorious, to require inſtances: yet ſuperceding many, permit me to produce a very recent one, and that afforded by this caſtle.

" In June, 1757, William Thompſon, for all the vigilance of this place, in open day-light, and double-ironed, made his eſcape; and notwithſtanding an immediate enquiry ſet on foot, the ſtricteſt ſearch, and all advertiſement, was never ſeen or heard of ſince. If then Thompſon got off unſeen, through all theſe difficulties, how very eaſy was it for Clarke to abſcond, when none of them oppoſed him? But what would be thought of a proſecution commenced againſt any one ſeen laſt with Thompſon?

" Permit me, next, my lord, to obſerve a little upon the bones which have been diſcovered. It is ſaid, which perhaps is ſaying very far, that theſe are the ſkeleton of a man. It is poſſible indeed they may; but is there any certain known criterion, which inconteſtibly diſtinguiſhes the ſex in human bones? Let it be conſidered, my lord, whether the aſcertaining of this point ought not to precede any attempt to identify them.

" The place of their depoſitum too claims much more attention than is commonly beſtowed upon it: for of all places in the world, none could have mentioned any one, wherein there was a greater certainty of finding human bones, than a hermitage; except he ſhould point out a church-yard. Hermitages, in time paſt, being not only places of religious retirement, but of burial too. And it has ſcarce ever been heard of, but that every cell now known, contains, or contained, theſe relicks of humanity; ſome mutilated,

lated, and ſome entire. I do not inform, but give me leave to remind your lordſhip, that here ſat ſolitary ſanctity, and here the hermit or the anchoreſs hoped that repoſe for their bones, when dead, they ~~are~~ enjoyed when living.

" All this while, my lord, I am ſenſible this is known to your lordſhip, and many in this court, better than I. But it ſeems neceſſary to my caſe, that others, who have not at all, perhaps, adverted to things of this nature, and may have concern in my trial, ſhould be made acquainted with it. Suffer me then, my lord, to produce a few of many evidences, that thoſe cells were uſed as repoſitories of the dead, and to enumerate a few, in which human bodies have been found, as it happened in this in queſtion: leſt, to ſome, that accident might ſeem extraordinary, and, conſequently, occaſion prejudice.

1. " The bones, as was ſuppoſed of the Saxon, St. Dubritius, were diſcovered buried in his cell at Guy's cliff, near Warwick, as appears from the authority of Sir William Dugdale.

2. " The bones, thought to be thoſe of the anchoreſs Roſia, were but lately diſcovered in a cell at Royſton, entire, fair, and undecayed, though they muſt have lain interred ſeveral centuries, as is proved by Dr. Stukely.

3. " But our own country, nay, almoſt this neighbourhood, ſupplies another inſtance: for in January 1747, was found by Mr. Stovin, accompanied by a reverend gentleman, the bones, in part, of ſome recluſe, in the cell at Lindholm, near Hatfield. They were believed to be thoſe of William of Lindholm, a hermit, who had long made this cave his habitation.

4. " In February, 1744, part of Woburn-abbey being pulled down, a large portion of a corpſe appeared, even with the fleſh on, and which bore cutting with a knife: though it is certain this had lain above 100 years, and how much longer is doubtful; for this abbey was founded in 1145, and diſſolved in 1538 or 9.

" What would have been ſaid, what believed, if this had been an accident to the bones in queſtion?

" Further, my lord, it is not yet out of living memory, that a little diſtance from Knareſborough, in a field, part of the manor of the worthy and patriot baronet who does that borough the honour to repreſent it in parliament, were found, in digging for gravel, not one human ſkeleton only, but five or ſix depoſited ſide by ſide, with each an urn placed on its head, as your lordſhip knows was uſual in ancient interments.

" About the ſame time, and in another field, almoſt cloſe to this borough, was diſcovered alſo, in ſearching for gravel, another human ſkeleton; but the piety of the ſame worthy gentleman ordered both pits to be filled up again; commendably unwilling to diſturb the dead.

" Is the invention of theſe bones forgotten, then, or induſtriouſly concealed, that the diſcovery of thoſe in queſtion may appear the more ſingular and extraordinary? Whereas, in fact, there is nothing extraordinary in it. My lord, almoſt every place conceals ſuch remains. In fields, in hills, in highway ſides, in commons, lie frequent and unſuſpected bones. And our preſent allotment for reſt for the departed, is but of ſome centuries.

Another

" Another particular ſeems not to claim a little of your lordſhip's notice, and that of the gentlemen of the jury; which is, that perhaps no example occurs of more than one ſkeleton being found in one cell; and in the cell in queſtion, was found but one; agreeable, in this, to the peculiarity of every other known cell in Britain. Not the invention of one ſkeleton, then, but of two, would have appeared ſuſpicious and uncommon.

" But then, my lord, to attempt to identify theſe, when even to identify living men ſometimes has proved ſo difficult, as in the caſe of Perkin Warbeck and Lambert Symnel, at home, and of Don Sebaſtian abroad, will be looked upon perhaps as an attempt to determine what is indeterminable. And I hope too it will not paſs unconſidered here, where gentlemen believe with caution, think with reaſon, and decide with humanity, what intereſt the endeavour to do this is calculated to ſerve, in aſſigning proper perſonality to theſe bones, whoſe particular appropriation can only appear to eternal omniſcience.

" Permit me, my lord, alſo very humbly to remonſtrate, that, as human bones appear to have been the inſeparable adjuncts of every cell, even any perſon's naming ſuch a place at random as containing them, in this caſe ſhews him rather unfortunate than conſcious preſcient: and that theſe attendants on every hermitage accidentally concurred with this conjecture, was a mere caſual coincidence of words and things.

" But it ſeems another ſkeleton has been diſcovered by ſome labourer, which was full as confidently averred to be Clarke's as this. My lord,

muſt ſome of the living, if it promotes ſome intereſt, be made anſwerable for all the bones that earth has concealed, or chance expoſed? And might not a place where bones lay be mentioned by a perſon by chance, as well as found by a labourer by chance? Or, is it more criminal accidentally to name where bones lie, than accidentally to find where they lie?

" Here too is a human ſkull produced, which is fractured; but was this the cauſe, or was it the conſequence of death? Was it owing to violence, or the effect of natural decay? If it was violence, was that violence before or after death? My lord, in May 1732, the remains of William lord archbiſhop of this province were taken up, by permiſſion, in this cathedral, and the bones of the ſkull were found broken: yet certainly he died by no violence offered to him alive, that could occaſion that fracture there.

" Let it be conſidered, my lord, that upon the diſſolution of religious houſes, and the commencement of the reformation, the ravages of thoſe times, both affected the living and the dead. In ſearch after imaginary treaſures, coffins were broken up, graves and vaults dug open, monuments ranſacked, and ſhrines demoliſhed; your lordſhip knows that theſe violations proceeded ſo far, as to occaſion parliamentary authority to reſtrain them; which it did, about the beginning of the reign of queen Elizabeth. I entreat your lordſhip, ſuffer not the violences, the depredations, and the iniquities of thoſe times to be imputed to this.

" Moreover, what gentleman here is ignorant that Knareſborough had a caſtle; which though now

now run to ruin, was once conſiderable both for its ſtrength and garriſon. All know it was vigorouſly beſieged by the arms of the parliament: at which ſiege, in ſallies, conflicts, flights, purſuits, many fell in all the places round it; and where they fell they were buried; for every place, my lord, is burial earth in war; and many, queſtionleſs, of theſe reſt yet unknown, whoſe bones futurity ſhall diſcover.

" I hope, with all imaginable ſubmiſſion, that what has been ſaid will not be thought impertinent to this indictment; and that it will be far from the wiſdom, the learning, and the integrity of this place, to impute to the living what zeal in its fury may have done; what nature may have taken off, and piety interred; or what war alone may have deſtroyed, alone depoſited.

" As to the circumſtances that have been raked together, I have nothing to obſerve, but that all circumſtances whatſoever are precarious, and have been but too frequently found lamentably fallible; even the ſtrongeſt have failed. They may riſe to the utmoſt degree of probability; yet they are but probability ſtill. Why need I name to your lordſhip the two Harriſons recorded in Dr. Howel, who both ſuffered upon circumſtances, becauſe of the ſudden diſappearance of their lodger, who was in credit, had contracted debts, borrowed money, and went off unſeen, and returned again a great many years after their execution? Why name the intricate affairs of Jacques de Moulin, under king Charles II. related by a gentleman who was counſel for the crown? and why the unhappy Coleman, who ſuffered innocent, though convicted upon po-

poſitive evidence, and whoſe children periſhed for want, becauſe the world uncharitably believed the father guilty? Why mention the perjury of Smith, incautiouſly admitted king's evidence; who, to ſcreen himſelf, equally accuſed Faircloth and Loveday of the murder of Dunn; the firſt of whom in 1749, was executed at Wincheſter; and Loveday was about to ſuffer at Reading, had not Smith been proved perjured, to the ſatisfaction of the court, by the ſurgeon of the Goſport hoſpital?

"Now, my lord, having endeavoured to ſhew, that the whole of this proceſs is altogether repugnant to every part of my life; that it is inconſiſtent with my condition of health about that time; that no rational inference can be drawn, that a perſon is dead who ſuddenly diſappears; that hermitages were the conſtant repoſitories of the bones of the recluſe; that the proofs of this are well authenticated; that the revolutions in religion, or the fortune of war, has mangled, or buried, the dead: the concluſion, remains, perhaps, no leſs reaſonably, than impatiently wiſhed for. I, at laſt, after a year's confinement, equal to either fortune, put myſelf upon the candour, the juſtice, and the humanity of your Lordſhip, and upon yours, my countrymen, gentlemen of the jury."

Eugene Aram was ſo perfectly acquainted with his family, as to be able to trace it up to the reign of Edward III. It was of the middle gentry of Yorkſhire, and ſeveral of his relative name were high ſheriffs for the county.

He was removed, when young, to Skelton near Newby, and thence to Bondgate, near Rippon. It was here he received the firſt rudiments of literature:

literature: and he ſtudied mathematics ſo as to be equal to the management of quadratic equations, and their geometrical conſtructions. He was, after the age of ſixteen, ſent for to London by Mr. Chriſtopher Blacket, to ſerve him as clerk in his compting-houſe: here he purſued his ſtudies, and ſoon became enamoured of the belles lettres and polite literature, whoſe charms ſo obliterated the beauties of numbers in lines, that he quitted the former ſtudy for poetry, hiſtory and antiquity. After a ſtay of a year or two in London, he returned to his native place; whence being invited to Netherdale, he engaged in a ſchool, where he married.

He next having perceived his deficience in the learned languages, applied himſelf to grammar, in both the Greek and Latin languages; and read with great avidity and diligence every one of the Latin claſſics, hiſtorians and poets; then went through the Greek teſtament; and, laſtly, ventured upon Heſiod, Homer, Theocritus, Herodotus, Thucycides, together with all the Greek tragedians.

In the year 1734, his good friend William Norton, Eſq; invited him to Knareſborough, the ſcene of his misfortune. Here he attained ſome knowledge in the Hebrew: he ſtudied this language intenſely, and went through the Pentateuch. In 1744 he returned to London, and ſerved the Rev. Mr. Painblanc as uſher in Latin and writing in Piccadilly, and from this gentleman he learned the French language. He ſucceeded to ſeveral tuitions and uſherſhips in different places in the ſouth of England, and in the ſundry intervals got acquainted with heraldry

and botany; and there was ſcarce an individual plant, domeſtic or exotic, which he did not know: he alſo ventured upon Chaldee and Arabic, the former of which he found eaſy from its near connection with the Hebrew. Not ſatisfied with this unwearied application, he reſolved to ſtudy his own language: and in order thereto began with the Celtic, which, as far as it was poſſible, he inveſtigated through all its dialects; and having diſcovered, through all theſe languages, and the Latin, Greek, Hebrew, French, Chaldee, Arabic and Celtic, ſuch a ſurpriſing affinity, he reſolved to make a comparative lexicon, having already collected for that purpoſe above one thouſand notes.

He confeſſed the juſtice of his ſentence to two clergymen who attended him, and promiſed them to make an ample confeſſion at the gallows; but he prevented any further diſcovery, by a horrid attempt upon his own life. When he was called from bed to have his irons taken off, he would not riſe, alledging he was very weak. On examination his arm appeared bloody, and it was found he had attempted to take away his own life, by cutting his arm in two places with a razor, which he had concealed in the condemned hole ſome time before By proper applications he was brought to himſelf, and, though weak, was conducted to Tyburn; where, being aſked if he had any thing to ſay, he anſwered, "No." Immediately after he was executed, and his body conveyed to Knareſborough-foreſt, and hung in chains, purſuant to his ſentence.

On his Table, in the Cell, was found the following Paper, containing his Reaſons for this wicked Attempt.

" What am I better than my fathers? To die is natural and neceſſary. Perfectly ſenſible of this, I fear no more to die than I did to be born. But the manner of it is ſomething which ſhould, in my opinion, be decent and manly. I think I have regarded both theſe points. Certainly nobody has a better right to diſpoſe of a man's life than himſelf; and he, not others, ſhould determine how. As for any indignities offered to my body, or ſilly reflections on my faith and morals, they are (as they always were) things indifferent to me. I think, though contrary to the common way of thinking, I wrong no man by this, and hope it is not offenſive to that eternal Being that formed me and the world: and as by this I injure no man, no man can be reaſonably offended. I ſolicitouſly recommend myſelf to the eternal and almighty Being, the God of nature, if I have done amiſs. But perhaps I have not; and I hope this thing will never be imputed to me. Though I am now ſtained by malevolence, and ſuffer by prejudice, I hope to riſe fair and unblemiſhed. My life was not polluted, my morals irreproachable, and my opinions orthodox.

" I ſlept ſound till three o'clock, awaked, and then writ theſe lines:

Come, pleaſing reſt, eternal ſlumber fall,
Seal mine, that once muſt ſeal the eyes of all;
Calm and compos'd my ſoul her journey takes,
No guilt that troubles, and no heart that aches;

Adieu! thou ſun, all bright like her ariſe;
Adieu! fair friends, and all that's good and wiſe."

Theſe lines, found along with the foregoing, were ſuppoſed to be written by Aram juſt before he cut himſelf with the razor.

ZEPHYRUS AND FLORA.

A VISION.

AS late I wander'd o'er the flow'ry plain,
Where Cambrian Cluyd pours his ſilver tide,
Amidſt the pleaſures of fair Plenty's reign,
And bluſhing flowers and fruits on ev'ry ſide:

Soft ſigh'd the weſt winds, murm'ring o'er the dale,
Whoſe ev'ry charm roſe freſher from the breeze;
The lofty hills more boldly kiſs'd the gale,
Which ſkimm'd their tops, and ſhook the wavy trees.

The ſun deſcending, ſhot his golden beams
Aſkance, with many a cloud his ev'ning throne
Adorn'd; while mountains, woods, and lucent ſtreams,
With the laſt bluſhes of his radiance ſhone.

Far

Far ſtretching hence, Cambria's rough heights I view,
Where Liberty long ſince forlorn retir'd,
Left fairer climes, and ſkies of brighter hue,
And, but at laſt, triumphantly expir'd:

And wide around me wound the fertile vale,
Fit theme and ſubject of the poet's ſong;
Whoſe num'rous beauties load the paſſing gale,
Whoſe breath repeats them, as it glides along.

Bright Phœbus ſunk, dim twilight now ſucceeds,
Still gleaming dubious with uncertain ray,
While tremblingly among the vocal reeds
The ev'ning breezes ſtill more faintly play.

Amid this beauteous, ſoft, and flow'ry ſcene,
On a high bank, all liſtleſs, I reclin'd;
Whoſe ſhelving ſides were crown'd with lively green,
By tufted trees and bord'ring flow'rs confin'd.

Here, while the landſcape faded on my ſight,
Wild Fancy's eye ſtill brighter ſcenes ſupply'd;
I view'd not the laſt track of parting light,
Nor mark'd the fanning breezes as they dy'd.

At length, Imagination, roving maid,
Tho' gentle ſleep had fetter'd all my pow'rs
In golden chains, my buſy ſoul convey'd
To other landſcapes and immortal bow'rs.

Methought I ſtood amidſt a garden fair,
Whoſe bounds no ſight of mortal eye could trace,
Situate mid-way between earth, ſeas, and air,
Unmark'd by time, uncircumſcrib'd by ſpace.

Not half ſo ſweet was that delightſome dale,
Which to my waking view appear'd ſo bright;
For *here* did never-ceaſing ſuns prevail,
With mildeſt ſweetneſs temp'ring heav'nly light.

Spring breath'd eternal glories o'er the land,
And gentleſt winds, o'er fragrant lawns that blow,
Nurs'd beauteous buds unſet by mortal hand,
And op'ning flow'rs, that without planting grow.

Serene the heav'ns, ſave where a cloudy ſhrine,
Big with cœleſtial plenty, ſail'd on high,
Show'r'd Spring's own roſes from her ſeat divine,
And drew a purple radiance o'er the ſky.

Mean while, ſoft muſic echoing from each grove,
Tun'd to enchanting notes moſt ſoft and clear,
That breath'd the ſoul of harmony and love,
Thrill'd the wrapt breaſt, andcharm'd the liſt-'ning ear.

And ſtill the while, with voices loud and ſweet,
The warbling birds in dulcet concert join'd,
The waters murm'ring flow with cadence meet,
"Low anſwer'd by the gently whiſp'ring wind."

Theſe themes of wonder ſilent I ſurvey'd,
Attentive hanging on each dying ſound;
Pleas'd with the glories which I ſaw diſplay'd,
And ſcenes of joy and pleaſure op'ning round:

Yet

Yet ſtill methought a certain want appear'd,
Of ſome to own this ſpot ſo heav'nly fair,
Elſe were each charming flow'ret vainly rear'd.
" To bloom unnotic'd to the deſert air :"

Elſe where in vain theſe ſoft melodious ſtrains,
Which the whole ſoul of harmony inſpir'd,
Pour'd to the wild woods and the lonely plains,
Tho' worthieſt ſtill by all to be admir'd.

Such were creation's firſt imperfect hours,
When the gay heav'ns in early beauty ſhone,
And earth, bedeck'd with beaſts, birds, plants, and flow'rs,
Spread all her boſom to the genial ſun.

Unfiniſh'd ſtill the mighty work appear'd,
Till Man, the lord of all, was bid to riſe ;
With open brow his face divine who rear'd,
And ſought with upright look his native ſkies.

Thus, as I paus'd, ſtill louder ſwell'd the notes,
From ev'ry buſh, and brake, and echoing hill ;
While choirs cœleſtial ſeem'd to tune their throats,
And with glad voice the chearful chorus fill.

Then, by ſome magic pow'r ſwift ſnatch'd away,
Ev'n to the midſt of that delightful land,
I view'd at once, all clad in bright array,
A thouſand Genii of the gardens ſtand.

But far above all theſe a ſeat was plac'd,
Dreſs'd with each flow'r that ev'ry ſeaſon knows,
Whoſe vary'd tints, in gem-like order, grac'd
The rural theatre which gradual roſe.

For

For lo! the Genius of each blooming flow'r
Brought his own fav'rite with peculiar care,
To deck the arch of this inchanted bow'r,
And, bowing at the throne, he plac'd it there

A ſight more beauteous ne'er did eye behold,
Than theſe bright tribes that glitter'd on the day;
And rich in purple dyes and flaming gold,
Did their bright boſoms to the ſun diſplay.

Such was the throne;—but oh! what pen can trace
The heav'nly beauties of the matchleſs two,
Who, glowing with each bright cœleſtial grace,
Sat there aloft, conſpicuous to the view!

The firſt, a youth of ſweet and gentle mien,
With many a wreath and knotted garland crown'd;
Whoſe beauteous viſage glow'd with charms ſerene,
And on whoſe ſhoulders purple wings were bound:

Theſe when he ſpreads, reviving Nature pours
Her copious treaſures of immortal bloom;
Whilſt thro' vaſt realms he ſcatters vernal ſtores,
And from his downy pinions ſhakes perfume.

His name was ZEPHYRUS; and next him ſat
The beauteous goddeſs of the blooming year,
The conſtant partner of his rural ſtate,
To heav'n and earth, to gods and mortals dear;

FLORA,

FLORA, bright pow'r, who ſheds a thouſand ſweets
O'er thouſand lands, what time her gifts appear;
What time her conſort with his kiſſes greets
Her coral lips, and wakes the riſing year.

Her beauteous face was deck'd with youthful pride,
Her graceful form in flamy robes was dreſs'd;
And ev'ry charm wild nature could provide,
Adorn'd her head, and beam'd upon her breaſt.

Beſide the throne, rang'd in fair order, ſtood
The various ſeaſons of the rolling year;
By all their train of months, weeks, days purſu'd:
And all their various ſymbols flouriſh'd here.

Firſt came the SPRING, led by the roſy Hours,
With all the Loves and Graces in her train;
Deck'd with her wreath of never-fading flow'rs,
Diffuſing odours o'er the ſmiling plain.

Next SUMMER came; his cheeks with ardour fir'd,
With his own bluſhing fruits and harveſts crown'd;
Before whoſe face the infant Spring retir'd,
And with her roſes ſtrew'd the ruſſet ground.

Stain'd with the grape's preſs'd juice, with ſteadier pace,
Still looking backward on preceding time,
Ripe AUTUMN next ſucceeded in his place;
Scatt'ring rich fruits, the growth of ev'ry clime.

Laſt WINTER comes, with heavy ſtep, and ſlow,
A hoary captive bound in icy chains;
With haggard eyes, and mantle dipp'd in ſnow,
Who ſtill of cold in Spring's own realms complains.

Not one of theſe, but from their various ſtore
Some off'ring meet to lovely Flora pay;
Not one of theſe, but wiſh that off'ring more,
And her ſoft reign moſt willingly obey.

Ev'n Winter's ſelf, with look averted, throws
His thin-ſtrewn flow'rets on the goddeſs' ſhrine;
Ev'n *his* cold boſom for a moment glows,
When he beholds her radiant form divine.

But now the Genii of each plant and flow'r,
Rang'd in fair order, wait her high commands;
And each, approaching her delicious bow'r,
In expectation of her verdict ſtands.

For many of the *garden*'s painted race,
And ſome that with their colours deck the *field*,
Rivals in wealth, in beauty, and in grace,
Had wag'd high wars, unknowing how to yield.

All claim'd preferment, and each one could boaſt
Of ſome bright beauty or perfection dear,
Which ſhould induce mankind to prize *her* moſt,
And to preferment make her title clear.

And ſome, of empty ſhew and titles vain;
Alas! that Pride ſo many ſhould deceive!
Claim'd o'er their kindred plants and flow'rs to reign:
And of their birthright others would bereave.

The Crown Imperial, and the ſpurious flow'r
  Which boaſts of royal arms and royal mien *;
The warlike plant that claims immortal power †,
  And that gay lady call'd the Meadow's Queen.

All theſe, and more, that ſcorn'd a ſubject ſtate,
  Roſe to the claim of high imperial ſway:
Forgetting—to be *good* was to be *great*—
  They roſe to rule, unpractis'd to obey.

Others again for *beauty*'s meed contend,
  Chief amidſt whom appear'd the tulip race;
A painted tribe, born only to contend
  For praiſe, where *all* is giv'n external grace.

Alcæa proud ‡; and lovely Venus' joy,
  That does from adverſe winds its title claim ‖;
The once conceited, ſelf-admiring boy §,
  Whoſe love prepoſt'rous gave a flow'r a name.

The proud Carnation dipp'd in brighteſt dyes,
  Who ſtill with thirſt of praiſe and glory burns;
With her whoſe mirrour cheats deluded eyes *,
  And ſhe that ſtill to her lov'd Phœbus turns †.

Theſe, with their num'rous chiefs of diff'rent hues,
  The painted Cock's Comb, and his lofty train,
Their beauties vaunting, to the reſt refuſe
  To ſhare the glories of their gaudy reign.

* Iris, or Fleur de Lis. † Larkſpur. ‡ The Hollyhock. ‖ Anemone, or Wind Flower. § Narciſſus. * Bell Flower, Corn Violet, or Venus's Looking-Glaſs. † Clytie, or the Sun Flower.

The

The judges ſat, each ſep'rate claim was heard,
While ſome for *rule*, and ſome for *praiſes* fought;
And ſome had been diſgrac'd, and ſome preferr'd,
As in the goddeſs' mind their various pleadings wrought.

But her lov'd conſort, gently whiſp'ring, ſaid,
"What means my Queen, on theſe to caſt her ſight,
Who have but pride or luſt of ſway diſplay'd,
Nor brought their real worth or virtues to the light?

How many abſent now, more fair than theſe,
With greater fragrance in lone vallies blow?
Or, if the garden's flow'ry tribe more pleaſe,
Where do the Roſe and lovely Vi'let glow?

The Lily where, and all that num'rous hoſt,
Who claim true praiſe to innate virtue due;
Or do they *merit leaſt* who *loudeſt boaſt*,
And with falſe glare impoſe upon the view?

For ſure, of all who feel my genial gale,
Or to the ſun their fragrant breaſts unfold,
The beſt and ſweeteſt that on earth prevail;
Yet do I not in this fair court behold."

He ſaid; and FLORA riſing from her throne,
Bade preſent ſearch for ev'ry one be made:
Who, tho' their off'rings on her altar ſhone,
Their modeſt haſte had from the court convey'd.

Strait they return'd:——the lovely bluſhing Roſe,
The Lily ever chaſte and ever fair,
The Vi'let ſweet with purple tints that glows,
And myrtle green, that ſcents the ambient air:

With

With many more, grateful to ſight and ſmell,
By bounteous heav'n with matchleſs charms endu'd;
That in the fragrant meads or gardens dwell,
Or which wild waſtes from human eyes ſeclude.

Theſe by their Genii now in modeſt guiſe,
Excus'd from pleading 'midſt the mingled throng,
Claim'd but the tribute all allow'd their prize,
Nor ſought their own juſt praiſes to prolong.

Yet, theſe once ſeen, abaſh'd their rivals ſtand;
And would have fled, but Flora this deny'd;
Who, riſing graceful, with her out-ſtretch'd hand,
Thus briefly to th'aſſembled pow'rs apply'd:

"Genii of Gardens, meads, and ſylvan ſcenes,
Attendant ſtill in Flora's vernal train,
Say what this ardent, fond contention means,
Why ſtrive you thus for pow'r, and ſtrive in vain?

Are you not all beneath our ſceptre bleſt;
Say, do not all confeſs our gentle ſway?
Then ſeek not one to triumph o'er the reſt,
But each in peaceful order ſtill obey.

So *all* the glories of my reign ſhall ſhare,
So *all* be ſtill in poets ſongs renown'd,
So ſhall my ZEPHYR ſtill with gentleſt air,
Wave o'er your beds, with bloom eternal crown'd.

And *you*, who not for pow'r, but beauty's charms,
For gaudy tints, ſtill fiercely would contend;
What envious fire ſuch gentle boſoms warms?
And where, alas! muſt the mad conteſt end?

Each has her charms, and each peculiar worth,
To all in various portions duly giv'n,
By ſecret nature working at its birth,
The laviſh bounty of indulgent heav'n.

Each has her charms:—but view the bluſhing roſe,
Behold the beauties of the lily fair;
Few boaſt of equal excellence to thoſe,
Yet with their modeſt merit none compare.

Theſe, therefore, we prefer; and tho' no queen
Beſides ourſelves we will to hold the reign;
Yet, for their true deſert conſpicuous ſeen,
We rank them foremoſt on the flow'ry plain.

Hear, and obey; and if aught elſe abide,
To raiſe diſpute among your orders bright;
Still by due merit let the cauſe be try'd,
And ſpecious *ſhew* yield to more ſolid *right*."

She ſpoke;—the ſeaſons, and the winged hours,
Confirm'd her voice; then breath'd a rich perfume,
Which ZEPHYR ſcatter'd wide o'er all the flow'rs,
And deck'd their leaves with more than mortal bloom.

Then, his lov'd conſort ſtraining in his arms,
With gentleſt touch ſalutes her ſwelling breaſt;
Who ſtrait ſhone forth in more refulgent charms,
As JUNO when by verdant JOVE careſs'd.

And ſudden joining in a merry dance,
The airy phantoms of the ſcene appear'd;
Some to the ſprightly timbrel did advance,
While ſome their clear harmonious voices rear'd.

But one among the reſt, who view'd me ſtand
Intent, and gazing on the proſpect near,
Came forth, and gently touch'd my trembling hand,
And bade me mark his words, and nothing fear:

"And ſeeſt thou not (ſaid he) theſe vary'd flow'rs,
Contending ſtill for beauty or for ſway?
Such are the conteſts which employ men's hours,
In life's ſhort, buſy, tranſitory day.

For what is gaudy beauty's ſhort-liv'd bloom,
The pomp of pow'r, of riches, or of pride;
Soon bury'd in the undiſtinguiſh'd tomb,
Which all their boaſted pomp at once muſt hide?

VIRTUE alone ſurvives, immortal maid?
Her truly amaranthine flow'r ſhall blow,
When all the reſt are wrapt in duſky ſhade,
And laid in dark and duſky ruins low.

Hear and attend!—improve the moral ſtrain,
So may'ſt thou ſail ſafe thro' life's dangerous ſea;
So from theſe ſcenes thou wiſdom may'ſt attain,
And Flora prove Minerva's ſelf to thee."

He

He ceas'd; and well I mark'd the prudent lore,
And much revolv'd his saying in my mind;
Bent all the mystic moral to explore,
By this romantic, splendid scene design'd.

But, the full concert swelling on my ear,
The bands of sleep dissolv'd, away he flies;
At once the train of phantoms disappear,
And on my waking sight the vision dies.

No longer now near Flora's bower I stood,
But view'd with op'ning eyes the rising day;
Then down the valley fair my path pursu'd,
And homeward took my solitary way.

The VISION *of* THEODORE, *the* HERMIT *of* Teneriffe, *found in his Cell.*

SON of Perseverance, whoever thou art, whose curiosity has led thee hither, read and be wise. He that now calls upon thee is Theodore the Hermit of Teneriffe, who in the 57th year of his retreat left this instruction to mankind, lest his solitary hours should be spent in vain.

I was once what thou art now, a groveller on the earth, and a gazer at the sky; I trafficked and heaped wealth together, I loved and was favoured, I wore the robe of honour, and heard the music of adulation; I was ambitious, and rose to greatness; I was unhappy, and retired. I sought for some time what I at length found here, a place where all real wants might be easily supplied, and

where

where I might not be under the neceſſity of purchaſing the aſſiſtance of men by the toleration of their follies. Here I ſaw fruits, and herbs, and water, and here determined to wait the hand of death, which I hope, when at laſt it comes, will fall lightly upon me.

Forty-eight years had I now paſſed in forgetfulneſs of all mortal cares, and without any inclination to wander farther than the neceſſity of procuring ſuſtenance required; but as I ſtood one day beholding the rock that overhangs my cell, I found in myſelf a deſire to climb it; and when I was on its top, was in the ſame manner determined to ſcale the next, till by degrees I conceived a wiſh to view the ſummit of the mountain, at the foot of which I had ſo long reſided. This motion of my thoughts I endeavoured to ſuppreſs, not becauſe it appeared criminal, but becauſe it was new; and all change, not evidently for the better, alarms a mind taught by experience to diſtruſt itſelf. I was often afraid that my heart was deceiving me, that my impatience of confinement roſe from ſome earthly paſſion, and that my ardour to ſurvey the works of nature, was only a hidden longing to mingle once again in the ſcenes of life.—I therefore endeavoured to ſettle my thoughts into their former ſtate, but found their diſtraction every day greater. I was always reproaching myſelf with the want of happineſs within my reach; and at laſt began to queſtion whether it was not lazineſs rather than caution, that reſtrained me from climbing to the ſummit of Teneriffe.

I roſe therefore before the day, and began my journey up the ſteep of the mountain; but I had

not advanced far, old as I was, and burdened with proviſions, when the day began to ſhine upon me; the declivities grew more precipitous, and the ſand ſlided from beneath my feet; at laſt fainting with labour, I arrived at a ſmall plain, almoſt incloſed by rocks, and open only to the eaſt. I ſat down to reſt awhile, in full perſuaſion that when I had recovered my ſtrength, I ſhould proceed on my deſign; but when once I had taſted eaſe, I found many reaſons againſt diſturbing it. The branches ſpread a ſhade over my head, and the gales of ſpring wafted odours to my boſom.

As I ſat thus forming alternately excuſes for delay, and reſolutions to go forward, an irreſiſtible heavineſs ſuddenly ſurprized me; I laid my head upon the bank, and reſigned myſelf to ſleep, when methought I heard a ſound as of the flight of eagles, and a being of more than human dignity ſtood before me. While I was deliberating how to addreſs him, he took me by the hand with an air of kindneſs, and aſked me ſolemnly, but without ſeverity, "Theodore, whither art thou going?" "I am climbing, anſwered I, to the top of the mountain, to enjoy a more extenſive proſpect of the works of nature." "Attend firſt, ſaid he, to the proſpect which this place affords, and what thou doſt not underſtand I will explain. I am one of the benevolent beings who watch over the children of the duſt, to preſerve them from thoſe evils which will not ultimately terminate in good, and which they do not, by their own faults, bring upon themſelves. Look round therefore without fear, obſerve, contemplate, and be inſtructed."

Encou-

Encouraged by this aſſurance, I looked and beheld a mountain higher than Teneriffe, to the ſummit of which the human eye could never reach: when I had tired myſelf with gazing upon its height, I turned my eyes towards its foot, which I could eaſily diſcover, but was amazed to find it without foundation, and placed inconceivably in emptineſs and darkneſs. Thus I ſtood terrified and confuſed; above were tracts inſcrutable, and below was total vacuity. But my protector, with a voice of admonition, cried out, "Theodore, be not affrighted, but raiſe thy eyes again; the mountain of exiſtence is before thee, ſurvey it, and be wiſe."

I then looked with more deliberate attention, and obſerved the bottom of the mountain to be of gentle riſe, and overſpread with flowers; the middle to be more ſteep, embarraſſed with crags, and interrupted by precipices, over which hung branches loaded with fruits, and among which were ſcattered palaces and bowers. The tracts which my eye could reach neareſt the top were generally barren; but there were among the clefts of the rocks a few hardy ever-greens; which, though they did not give much pleaſure to the ſight or ſmell, yet ſeemed to chear the labour, and facilitate the ſteps of thoſe who were climbing among them.

Then beginning to examine more minutely the different parts, I obſerved, at a great diſtance, a multitude of ſexes iſſuing into view from the bottom of the mountain. Their firſt actions I could not accurately diſcern; but as they every moment approached nearer, I found that they amuſed themſelves with gathering flowers, under the ſuperin-

tendance of a modeſt virgin in a white robe, who ſeemed not over-ſolicitous to confine them to any ſettled pace, or certain tract; for ſhe knew that the whole ground was ſmooth and ſolid, and that they could not eaſily be hurt or bewildered.—When, as it often happened, they plucked a thiſtle for a flower, Innocence, ſo was ſhe called, would ſmile at the miſtake. Happy, ſaid I, are they who are under ſo gentle a government, and yet are ſafe. But I had no opportunity to dwell long on the conſideration of their felicity; for I found that Innocence continued her attendance but a little way, and ſeemed to conſider only the flowery bottom of the mountain as her proper province. Thoſe whom ſhe abandoned ſcarcely knew that they were left, before they perceived themſelves in the hands of education, a nymph more ſevere in her aſpect, and imperious in her commands, who confined them to certain paths, in their opinion, too narrow and too rough. Theſe they were continually ſolicited to leave by appetite, whom education could never fright away, though ſhe ſometimes awed her to ſuch timidity, that the effects of her preſence were ſcarcely perceptible. Some went back to the firſt part of the mountain, and ſeemed deſirous of continuing buſied in plucking flowers, but were no longer guarded by Innocence; and ſuch as education could not force back, proceeded up the mountain by ſome miry road, in which they were ſeldom ſeen, and ſcarcely ever regarded.

As Education led her troop up the mountain, nothing was more obſervable than that ſhe was frequently giving them cautions to beware of Habits; and was calling out to one or another

at every ſtep, that a Habit was enſnaring them; that they would be under the dominion of Habit before they perceived their danger; and that thoſe whom a Habit ſhould once ſubdue, had little hope of regaining their liberty.

Of this caution, ſo frequently repeated, I was very ſolicitous to know the reaſon, when my protector directed my regard to a troop of pigmies, which appeared to walk ſilently before thoſe that were climbing the mountain, and each to ſmooth the way before her follower. I found that I had miſſed the notice of them before, both becauſe they were ſo minute as not eaſily to be diſcerned, and becauſe they grew every moment nearer in their colour to the objects with which they were ſurrounded. As the followers of Education did not appear to be ſenſible of the preſence of theſe dangerous aſſociates, or, ridiculing their diminutive ſize, did not think it poſſible that human beings ſhould ever be brought into ſubjection by ſuch feeble enemies, they generally heard her precepts of vigilance with wonder; and, when they thought her eye withdrawn, treated them with contempt. Nor could I myſelf think her cautions ſo neceſſary as her frequent inculcation ſeemed to ſuppoſe, till I obſerved that each of theſe petty beings held ſecretly a chain in her hand, with which ſhe prepared to bind thoſe whom ſhe found within her power. Yet theſe Habits, under the eye of Education, went quietly forward, and ſeemed very little to encreaſe in bulk or ſtrength; for though they were always willing to join with Appetite, yet when Education kept them apart from her, they would punctually obey command, and make the narrow

roads in which they were confined eaſier and ſmoother.

It was obſervable, that their ſtature was never at a ſtand, but continually growing or decreaſing, yet not always in the ſame proportions; nor could I forbear to expreſs my admiration, when I ſaw in how much leſs time they generally gained than loſt bulk. Though they grew ſlowly in the road of Education, it might however be perceived that they grew; but if they once deviated at the call of Appetite, their ſtature ſoon became gigantic, and their ſtrength was ſuch that Education pointed out to her tribe many that were led in chains by them, whom ſhe could never more reſcue from their ſlavery. She pointed them out, but with little effect, for all her pupils appeared confident of their own ſuperiority to the ſtrongeſt Habit, and ſome ſeemed in ſecret to regret that they were hindered from following the triumph of Appetite.

It was the peculiar artifice of Habit not to ſuffer her power to be felt at firſt. Thoſe whom ſhe led, ſhe had the addreſs of appearing only to attend, but was continually doubling her chains upon her companions, which were ſo ſlender in themſelves, and ſo ſilently faſtened, that while the attention was engaged by other objects, they were not eaſily perceived. Each link grew tighter as it had been longer worn, and when, by continual additions, they became ſo heavy as to be felt, they were very frequently too ſtrong to be broken.

When Education had proceeded in this manner to the part of the mountain where the declivity began to grow craggy, ſhe reſigned her charge

to two powers of ſuperior aſpect. The meaner of them appeared capable of preſiding in ſenates, or governing nations, and yet watched the ſteps of the other with the moſt anxious attention, and was viſibly confounded and perplexed if ever ſhe ſuffered her regard to be drawn away. The other ſeemed to approve her ſubmiſſion as pleaſing, but with ſuch a condeſcenſion as plainly ſhewed that ſhe claimed it as due; and indeed ſo great was her dignity and ſweetneſs, that he who would not reverence, muſt not behold her.

"Theodore (ſaid my protector) be fearleſs, and be wiſe; approach theſe powers, whoſe dominion extends to all the remaining part of the mountain of Exiſtence." I trembled, and ventured to addreſs the inferior nymph, whoſe eyes, though piercing and awful, I was not able to ſuſtain. "Bright power (ſaid I) by whatever name it is lawful to addreſs thee, tell me, thou who preſideſt here, on what condition thy protection will be granted."—"It will be granted! (ſaid ſhe) only to Obedience. I am Reaſon, of all ſubordinate beings the nobleſt and the greateſt; who, if thou wilt receive my laws, will reward thee like the reſt of my votaries, by conducting thee to Religion."—Charmed by her voice and aſpect, I profeſſed my readineſs to follow her. She then preſented me to her miſtreſs, who looked upon me with tenderneſs. I bowed before her, and ſhe ſmiled.

When Education delivered up thoſe for whoſe happineſs ſhe had been ſo long ſolicitous, ſhe ſeemed to expect that they ſhould expreſs ſome gratitude for her care, or ſome regret at the loſs of that protection which ſhe had hitherto afford-

ed them. But it was eaſy to diſcover, by the alacrity which broke out at her departure, that her preſence had been long diſpleaſing, and that ſhe had been teaching thoſe who felt in themſelves no want of inſtruction. They all agreed in rejoicing that they would no longer be ſubject to her caprices, or diſturbed by her documents, but ſhould be now under the direction only of Reaſon, to whom they made no doubt of being able to recommend themſelves by a ſteady adherence to all her precepts. Reaſon counſelled them at their firſt entrance upon her province, to enliſt themſelves among the votaries of Religion; and informed them, that if they truſted to her alone, they would find the ſame fate with her other admirers, whom ſhe had not been able to ſecure againſt Appetites and Paſſions, and who having been ſeized by Habits in the regions of Deſire, had been dragged away to the caverns of Deſpair. Her admonition was vain, the greater number declared againſt any other direction, and doubted not but by her ſuperintendency they ſhould climb with ſafety up the mountain of Exiſtence. "My power (ſaid Reaſon) is to adviſe, not to compel; I have already told you the danger of your choice. The path now ſeems plain and even, but there are aſperities and pitfals, over which religion only can conduct you. Look upwards, and you perceive a miſt before you ſettled upon the higheſt viſible part of the mountain, a miſt by which my proſpect is terminated, and which is pierced only by the eyes of Religion. Beyond it are the temples of Happineſs, in which thoſe who climb the precipice by her direction, after the toil of their pilgrimage, repoſe for ever.

I know

I know not the way, and therefore can only conduct you to a better guide. Pride has ſometimes reproached me with the narrowneſs of my view, but when ſhe endeavoured to extend it, could only ſhew me, below the miſt, the bowers of Content; even they vaniſhed as I fixed my eyes upon them; and thoſe whom ſhe perſuaded to travel towards them were inchained by Habits, and ingulfed by Deſpair, a cruel tyrant, whoſe caverns are beyond the darkneſs on the right ſide and on the left, from whoſe priſons none can eſcape, and whom I cannot teach you to avoid."

Such was the declaration of Reaſon, to thoſe who demanded her protection. Some that recollected the dictates of Education, finding them now ſeconded by another authority, ſubmitted with reluctance to the ſtrict decree, and engaged themſelves among the followers of Religion, who were diſtinguiſhed by the uniformity of their march, though many of them were women, and by their continual endeavours to move upwards, without appearing to regard the proſpects which at every ſtep courted their attention.

All thoſe who determined to follow either Reaſon or Religion, were continually importuned to forſake the road, ſometimes by Paſſions, and ſometimes by Appetites, of whom both had reaſon to boaſt of the ſucceſs of their artifices; for ſo many were drawn into bye paths, that any way was more populous that the right. The attacks of the Appetites were more impetuous, thoſe of the Paſſions longer continued. The Appetites turned their followers directly from the true way, but the Paſſions marched at firſt in a path nearly in the ſame direction with that of

Reaſon and Religion; but deviated by ſlow degrees, till at laſt they entirely changed their courſe. Appetite drew aſide the dull, and Paſſion the ſprightly. Of the Appetites, Luſt was the ſtrongeſt; and of the Paſſions, Vanity. The moſt powerful aſſault was to be feared, when a Paſſion and an Appetite joined their enticements; and the path of Reaſon was beſt followed, when a Paſſion called to one ſide, and an Appetite to the other.

Theſe ſeducers had the greateſt ſucceſs upon the followers of Reaſon, over whom they ſcarcely ever failed to prevail, except when they counteracted one another. They had not the ſame triumphs over the votaries of Religion; for though they were often led aſide for a time, Religion commonly called them by her emiſſary Conſcience, before Habit had time to enchain them. But they that profeſſed to obey Reaſon, if once they forſook her, ſeldom returned; for ſhe had no meſſenger to ſummon them but Pride, who generally betrayed her confidence, and employed all her ſkill to ſupport Paſſion; and if ever ſhe did her duty, was found unable to prevail, if Habit had interpoſed.

I ſoon found that the great danger to the followers of Religion was only from Habit; every other power was eaſily reſiſted, nor did they find any difficulty when they inadvertently quitted her, to find her again by the direction of Conſcience, unleſs they had given time to Habit to draw her chain behind them, and bar up the way by which they had wandered. Of ſome of thoſe, the condition was juſtly to be pitied, who turned at every call of Conſcience, and tried, but without

out effect, to burſt the chains of Habit; ſaw Religion walking forward at a diſtance, ſaw her with reverence, and longed to join her; but were, whenever they approached her, with-held by Habit, and languiſhed in ſordid bondage, which they could not eſcape, though they ſcorned and hated it.

It was evident that the Habits were ſo far from growing weaker by theſe repeated conteſts, that if they were not totally overcome, every ſtruggle enlarged their bulk, and increaſed their ſtrength; and a Habit oppoſed and victorious, was more than twice as ſtrong as before the conteſt. The manner in which thoſe who were weary of their tyranny endeavoured to eſcape from them, appeared by the event to be generally wrong; they tried to looſe their chains one by one, and to retreat by the ſame degrees as they advanced; but before the deliverance was compleated, Habit always threw new chains upon her fugitive; nor did any eſcape her but thoſe who by an effort, ſudden and violent, burſt their ſhackles at once, and left her at a diſtance; and even of theſe, many ruſhing too precipitately forward, and hindered by their terrors from ſtopping where they were ſafe, were fatigued with their own vehemence, and reſigned themſelves again to that power from whom an eſcape muſt be ſo dearly bought, and whoſe tyranny was little felt, except when it was reſiſted.

Some, however, there always were, who, when they found Habit prevailing over them, called upon Reaſon or Religion for aſſiſtance; each of them willingly came to the ſuccour of her ſuppliant; but neither with the ſame ſtrength nor

the ſame ſucceſs. Habit, inſolent with her power, would often preſume to parley with Reaſon, and offer to looſe ſome of her chains if the reſt might remain. To this, Reaſon, who was never certain of victory, frequently conſented, but always found her conceſſion deſtructive, and ſaw the captive led away by Habit to his former ſlavery. Religion never ſubmitted to treaty, but held out her hand with certainty of conqueſt; and if the captive to whom ſhe gave it did not quit his hold, always led him away in triumph, and placed him in the direct path to the temple of Happineſs, where Reaſon never failed to congratulate his deliverance, and encourage his adherence to that power to whoſe timely ſuccour he was indebted for it.

When the traveller was again placed in the road of Happineſs, I ſaw Habit again gliding before him, but reduced to the ſtature of a dwarf, without ſtrength and without activity; but when the Paſſions or Appetites, which had before ſeduced him, made their approach, Habit would on a ſudden ſtart into ſize, and with unexpected violence puſh him towards them. The wretch thus impelled on one ſide, and allured on the other, too frequently quitted the road of Happineſs, to which, after his ſecond deviation from it, he rarely returned. But if by a timely call upon Religion, the force of Habit was eluded, her attacks grew fainter, and at laſt her correſpondence with the enemy was entirely deſtroyed. She then began to employ thoſe reſtleſs faculties in compliance with the power which ſhe could not overcome; and as ſhe grew again in ſtature and ſtrength, cleared away the aſperities of the road to Happineſs.

From

From this road I could not eaſily withdraw my attention, becauſe all who travelled it appeared chearful and ſatisfied; and the farther they proceeded, the greater appeared their alacrity, and the ſtronger their conviction of the wiſdom of their guide. Some who had never deviated but by ſhort excurſions, had Habit in the middle of their paſſage, vigorouſly ſupporting them, and driving off their Appetites and Paſſions, which attempted to interrupt their progreſs.—Others, who had entered this road late, or had long forſaken it, were toiling on without her help at leaſt, and commonly againſt her endeavours. But I obſerved, when they approached to the barren top, that few were able to proceed without ſome ſupport from Habit, and that thoſe whoſe habits were ſtrong, advanced towards the miſts with little emotion, and entered them at laſt with calmneſs and confidence; after which they were ſeen only by the eye of Religion, and though Reaſon looked after them with the moſt earneſt curioſity, ſhe could only obtain a faint glimpſe, when her miſtreſs, to enlarge her proſpect, raiſed her from the ground. Reaſon, however, diſcerned that they were ſafe, but Religion ſaw that they were happy.

"Now, Theodore (ſaid my protector) withdraw thy view from the regions of obſcurity, and ſee the fate of thoſe who, when they were diſmiſſed by Education, would admit no direction but that of Reaſon. Survey their wanderings, and be wiſe."

I looked then upon the road of Reaſon, which was indeed, ſo far as it reached, the ſame with that of Religion, nor had Reaſon diſcovered it but

but by her inſtructions. Yet, when ſhe had once been taught it, ſhe clearly ſaw that it was right; and Pride had ſometimes incited her to declare, that ſhe diſcovered it herſelf, and perſuaded her to offer herſelf as a guide to Religion, whom, after many vain experiments, ſhe found it her higheſt privilege to follow. Reaſon was however at laſt well inſtructed in part of the way, and appeared to teach it with ſome ſucceſs, when her precepts were not miſrepreſented by Paſſion, or her influence overborne by Appetite. But neither of theſe enemies was ſhe able to reſiſt. When Paſſion ſeized upon her votaries, ſhe ſeldom attempted oppoſition; ſhe ſeemed indeed to contend with more vigour againſt Appetite, but was generally overwearied in the conteſt; and if either of her opponents had confederated with Habit, her authority was wholly at an end. When Habit endeavoured to captivate the votaries of Religion, ſhe grew by ſlow degrees, and gave time to eſcape; but in ſeizing the unhappy followers of Reaſon, ſhe proceeded as one that had nothing to fear, and enlarged her ſize, and doubled her chains without intermiſſion, and without reſerve.

Of thoſe who forſook the directions of Reaſon, ſome were led aſide by the whiſpers of Ambition, who was perpetually pointing to ſtately palaces, ſituated on eminencies on either ſide, recounting the delights of affluence, and boaſting the ſecurity of power. They were eaſily perſuaded to follow her, and Habit quickly threw her chains upon them; they were ſoon convinced of the folly of their choice, but few of them attempted to return. Ambition led them forward from

from precipice to precipice, where many fell and were ſeen no more. Thoſe that eſcaped, were, after a long ſeries of hazards, generally delivered over to Avarice, and enliſted by her in the ſervice of Tyranny, where they continued to heap up gold till their patrons or their heirs puſhed them headlong at laſt into the caverns of Deſpair.

Others were inticed by Intemperance to ramble in ſearch of thoſe fruits that hung over the rocks, and filled the air with their fragrance. I obſerved that the Habits which hovered about theſe ſoon grew to an enormous ſize, nor were there any who leſs attempted to return to Reaſon, or ſooner ſunk into the gulphs that lay before them. When theſe firſt quitted the road, Reaſon looked after them with a frown of contempt, but had little expectations of being able to reclaim them; for the bowl of intoxication was of ſuch qualities as to make them loſe all regard but for the preſent moment; neither Hope nor Fear could enter their retreats, and Habit had ſo abſolute a power, that even Conſcience, if Religion had employed her in their favour, would not have been able to force an entrance.

There were others whoſe crime it was rather to neglect Reaſon than to diſobey her, and who retreated from the heat and tumult of the way, not to the bowers of Intemperance, but to the maze of Indolence. They had this peculiarity in their condition, that they were always in ſight of the road of Reaſon, always wiſhing for her preſence, and always reſolving to return to-morrow. In theſe was moſt eminently conſpicuous the ſubtlety of Habit, who hung imperceptible

ceptible ſhackles upon them, and was every moment leading them farther from the road, which they always imagined that they had the power of reaching. They wandering on from one double of the labyrinth to another, with the chains of Habit hanging ſecretly upon them, till, as they advanced, the flowers grew paler, and the ſcents fainter; they proceeded in their dreary march without pleaſure in their progreſs, yet without power to return; and had this aggravation above all others, that they were criminal, but not delighted. The drunkard for a time laughed over his wine; the ambitious man triumphed in the miſcarriage of his rival; but the captives of Indolence had neither ſuperiority nor merriment. Diſcontent lowered in their looks, and Sadneſs hovered round their ſhades; yet they crawled on reluctant and gloomy, till they arrived at the depth of the receſs, varied only with poppies and nightſhade, where the dominion of Indolence terminates, and the hopeleſs wanderer is delivered up to Melancholy: the chains of Habit are rivetted for ever, and Melancholy having tortured her priſoner for a time, conſigns him at laſt to the cruelty of Deſpair.

While I was muſing on this miſerable ſcene, my protector called out to me, "Remember, Theodore, and be wiſe, and let not Habit prevail againſt thee." I ſtarted, and beheld myſelf ſurrounded by the rocks of Teneriffe; the birds of light were ſinging in the trees, and the glances of the morning darted upon me.

ALLE-

ALLEGORY.

GRIEF AND PATIENCE.

'Tis hard, but when we needs muſt bear,
Enduring Patience makes the burden Light.
CREECH.

HOW we are tortured with the abſence of what we covet to poſſeſs, when it appears to be loſt to us! what excurſions does the ſoul make in imagination after it! and how does it turn into itſelf again, more fooliſhly fond and dejected, at the diſappointment! our grief, inſtead of having recourſe to reaſon, which might reſtrain it, ſearches to find a further nouriſhment. It calls upon Memory to relate the ſeveral paſſages and circumſtances of ſatisfactions which we formerly enjoyed; the pleaſures we purchaſed by thoſe riches that are taken from us; or the power and ſplendor of our departed honours; or the voice, the words, the looks, the temper, and affections of our friends that are deceaſed. It needs muſt happen from hence, that the paſſion ſhould often ſwell to ſuch a ſize as to burſt the heart which contains it, if time did not make theſe circumſtances leſs ſtrong and lively, ſo that reaſon ſhould become a more equal match for the paſſion, or if another deſire, which becomes more preſent, did not overpower them with a livelier repreſentation. Theſe are thoughts which I had, when I fell into a kind of viſion upon this ſubject, and may therefore ſtand for a proper introduction to a relation of it.

I found

I found myſelf upon a naked ſhore, with company whoſe afflicted countenances witneſſed their conditions. Before us flowed a water, deep, ſilent, and called the River of Tears, which iſſuing from two fountains on an upper ground, encompaſſed an iſland that lay before us. The boat which plied in it was old and ſhattered, having been ſometimes overſet by the impatience and haſte of ſingle paſſengers to arrive at the other ſide. This immediately was brought to us by Misfortune, who ſteers it, and we were all preparing to take our places, when there appeared a woman of a mild and compoſed behaviour, who began to deter us from it, by repreſenting the dangers that would attend our voyage. Hereupon ſome who knew her for Patience, and ſome of thoſe too, who till then cried the loudeſt, were perſuaded by her, and returned back. The reſt of us went in, and ſhe (whoſe good-nature would not ſuffer her to forſake perſons in trouble) deſired leave to accompany us, that ſhe might at leaſt adminiſter ſome ſmall comfort or advice while we ſailed. We were no ſooner embarked, but the boat was puſhed off, the ſheet was ſpread; and being filled with ſighs, which are the winds of that country, we made a paſſage to the farther bank through ſeveral difficulties, of which the moſt of us ſeemed utterly regardleſs.

When we landed, we perceived the iſland to be ſtrangely overcaſt with fogs, which no brightneſs could pierce, ſo that a kind of gloomy horror ſat always brooding over it. This had ſomething in it very ſhocking to eaſy tempers, inſomuch that ſome others, whom Patience had by this time

time gained over, left us here, and privily conveyed themſelves round the verge of the iſland, to find a ford by which ſhe told them they might eſcape.

For my part, I ſtill went along with thoſe who were for piercing into the centre of the place; and joining themſelves to others whom we found upon the ſame journey, we marched ſolemnly as at a funeral, through bordering hedges of roſemary, and through a grove of yew-trees, which love to overſhadow tombs and flouriſh in churchyards. Here we heard on every ſide the wailings and complaints of ſeveral of the inhabitants who had caſt themſelves diſconſolately at the feet of trees; and as we chanced to approach any of theſe, we might perceive them wringing their hands, beating their breaſts, tearing their hair, or after ſome other manner viſibly agitated with vexation. Our ſorrows were heightened by the influence of what we heard and ſaw, and one of our number was wrought up to ſuch a pitch of wildneſs, as to talk of hanging himſelf upon a bough which ſhot temptingly a-croſs the path we travelled in; but he was reſtrained from it by the kind endeavours of our above-mentioned companion.

We had now gotten into the moſt duſky ſilent part of the iſland, and by the redoubled ſounds of ſighs, which made a doleful whiſtling in the branches, the thickneſs of air which occaſioned faintiſh reſpiration, and the violent throbbings of heart which more and more affected us, we found that we approached the grotto of Grief. It was a wide, hollow, and melancholy cave, ſunk deep in a dale, and watered by rivulets that had

had colour between red and black. Theſe crept ſlow, and half congealed amongſt its windings, and mixed their heavy murmur with the echo of groans that rolled through all the paſſages. In the moſt retired part of it ſat the doleful being herſelf; the path to her was ſtrewed with goads, ſtings, and thorns; and the throne on which ſhe ſat was broken into a rock, with ragged pieces pointing upwards for her to lean upon. A heavy miſt hung above her, her head oppreſſed with it reclined upon her arm: thus did ſhe reign over her diſconſolate ſubjects, full of herſelf to ſtupidity, in eternal penſiveneſs, and the profoundeſt ſilence. On one ſide of her ſtood Dejection, juſt dropping into a ſwoon, and paleneſs waſting to a ſkeleton; on the other ſide were Care, inwardly tormented with imaginations, and Anguiſh ſuffering outward troubles to ſuck the blood from her heart in the ſhape of vultures. The whole vault had a general diſmalneſs in it, which a few ſcattered lamps, whoſe blueiſh flames aroſe and ſunk in their urns, diſcovered to our eyes with increaſe. Some of us fell down, overcome and ſpent with what they ſuffered in the way, and were given over to thoſe tormentors that ſtood on either hand of the preſence; others, galled and mortified with pain, recovered the entrance, where Patience, whom we had left behind, was ſtill waiting to receive us.

With her (whoſe company was now become more grateful to us by the want we had found of her) we winded round the grotto, and aſcended at the back of it, out of the mournful dale in whoſe bottom it lay. On this eminence we halted, by her advice, to pant for breath, and

lifting

lifting our eyes, which till then were fixed downwards, felt a ſullen ſort of ſatisfaction, in obſerving through the ſhades what numbers had entered the iſland. This ſatisfaction, which appears to have ill-nature in it, was excuſable, becauſe it happened at a time when we were too much taken up with our own concern, to have reſpect to that of others; and therefore we did not conſider them as ſuffering, but ourſelves as not ſuffering in the moſt forlorn eſtate. It had alſo the ground-work of humanity and compaſſion in it, though the mind was then too deeply engaged to perceive it; but as we proceeded onwards it began to diſcover itſelf, and from obſerving that others were unhappy, we came to queſtion one another, when it was that we met, and what were the ſad occaſions that brought us together. Then we heard our ſtories, we compared them, we mutually gave and received pity, and ſo by degrees became tolerable company.

A conſiderable part of the troubleſome road was thus deceived; at length the openings among the trees grew larger, the air ſeemed thinner, it lay with leſs oppreſſion upon us, and we could now and then diſcern tracts in it of a lighter greyneſs, like the breakings of day, ſhort in duration, much enlivening, and called in that country gleams of amuſement. Within a ſhort while theſe gleams began to appear more frequent, and then brighter and of a longer continuance; the ſighs that hitherto filled the air with ſo much doleſulneſs, altered to the ſound of common breezes, and in general the horrors of the iſland were abated.

When

When we had arrived at laſt at the ford by which we were to paſs out, we met with thoſe faſhionable mourners who had been ferried over along with us, and who, being unwilling to go as far as we, had coaſted by the ſhore to find the place, where they waited our coming; that by ſhewing themſelves to the world only at that time when we did, they might ſeem alſo to have been among the troubles of the grotto. Here the waters, that rolled on the other ſide ſo deep and ſilent, were much dried up, and it was an eaſier matter for us to wade over.

The river being croſſed, we were received upon the further bank by our friends and acquaintance, whom comfort had brought out to congratulate our appearance in the world again. Some of theſe blamed us for ſtaying ſo long away from them, others adviſed us againſt all temptations of going back again; every one was cautious not to renew our troubles by aſking any particulars of the journey; and all concluded, that in a caſe of ſo much affliction, we could not have made choice of a fitter companion than Patience. Here Patience, appearing ſerene at her praiſes, delivered us over to Comfort. Comfort ſmiled at his receiving the charge; immediately the ſky purpled on that ſide to which he turned, and double day at once broke in upon me.

ALLEGORY.

PLEASURE.

I Was muſing on Cebes's incloſures, and the different courſes men take in the road of life, when I fell aſleep; and when my fancy, retracing, I ſuppoſe, that wonderful imagery, and combining ſeveral new and uncouth figures that aroſe in the confuſed chaos of thought, fermented by degrees, and at length wrought off my dream.

Methought I was wandering upon a wild of boundleſs extent, on which numberleſs roads croſſed, leading different ways. Some were more, others leſs frequented; but none of them were without travellers. I joined the firſt I met, and was told by ſome of them, that they were bound for the temple of Virtue, by others for that of Fame; ſome confeſſed honeſtly they were travelling to the manſion of Pleaſure, but my party ſaid they were directing their ſteps to the abode of Happineſs. We had not travelled far, when we ſaw an old man ſtanding on a little eminence, where ſeveral roads met, pointing with a ſtaff in his hand to the different paths, and ſhewing travellers where they terminated. His eyes were piercing, and his looks hale, though furrowed with many wrinkles. He had ſomething alluring in his aſpect and manner, and ſeemed to be a man of great experience. His words were few, but weighty and ſignificant. I was told his name was the Genius of Education. "That road," ſaid

ſaid he to us that came up to him, " which lies ſtrait before you, is the road to the temple of Virtue, which ſoon divides into two paths, of which the one is exceedingly rugged, ſteep, and thorny, but the other is of a much eaſier and more gentle aſcent, which is known only to me, and trod only by thoſe who follow my directions. That broader road which you perceive on the left-hand, leads to the abode of Vice, that curſed enchantreſs, who falſely calls herſelf Pleaſure. It ſeems indeed ſtrowed with flowers, and beautified on each ſide by delightful proſpects; but if you want to be happy, fly from it as from the road to Death and Miſery." While we were liſtening to him, and I was reſolving to follow his directions, we were accoſted by two females of a very different appearance. The one had an aſpect of as great ſimplicity as the other had of cunning and artifice. The former's name was Credulity, and the other's Deceit. They told us the old fellow who pretended to direct us what courſe to take, was an old dotard, who having lived a wretched laborious life himſelf, wanted to plunge us into the ſame difficulties, and engage us in that rough thorny path, which led to Pain and Sorrow; whereas if we would go along with them, they would conduct us to the bower of bliſs. Moſt of us, being young travellers, yielded to their importunities and enticing arts, and, obſerving the broader way to have the moſt pleaſant appearance, we very readily took it without farther examination. There we found many fellow-travellers, who formed themſelves into different parties, as their inclinations or chance determined them. The road ſoon led us

into

into a wood which abounded with labyrinths, where many loſt themſelves. Others retired into little arbours that were thick planted up and down; ſo that I was ſoon left alone. As I travelled on, a confuſed ſound of voices aſſailed my ears from all quarters, and ſeemed to proclaim a general riot. The noiſe was redoubled by the ecchoings of the wood; I began to be ſeized with a kind of horror, ſo that I wanted to get out again, but the more I ſought to extricate, the more I involved myſelf in its intricacies. While I was wandering thus uncertain, methought a well-dreſſed woman moved briſkly towards me. She wore a dreſs richly embroidered, thrown careleſsly about her, on purpoſe to diſcover her ſhape, and the other charms of her perſon. She was fair, and inclining to plumpneſs, but her complexion was heightened by a colour that did not appear natural or healthful. Her eyes had a tender languiſhing caſt, mixed with ſomething impudent and aſſuming. Her motions were ſoft, and ſhewed a wanton ſort of indolence; like many fantaſtic females, ſhe ſeemed to ſurvey herſelf with a ſecret complacency, and putting on an engaging ſmile, ſtudied to catch admiration. Notwithſtanding the apparent negligence of her air, I could diſcern an artificial turn that concealed a deſign upon me under an aim at pleaſing. "A little below this wood (ſhe ſaid) lies the place of my abode, where I and my friends live a life of perfect ſerenity, exempt from ſolicitude and toil, equally remote from the cares of private, or the ambition of public life."

I aſked her name, on which ſhe replied, "My "name, Sir, is Pleaſure, and that I am ſo called "with the juſteſt reaſon you will ſoon be con- "vinced by my manner of life. I am the daugh- "ter of that immortal being Deſire, and the "ever-blooming goddeſs Plenty. I have a large "and beauteous offſpring, Indolence, Mirth, "Laughter, Humour, Profuſion, Wantonneſs, "Joy, with many more. A vaſt train of admi- "rers continually frequent my court, where "they are entertained with the riches of Na- "ture, and choiceſt delicacies of Art. The "illuſtrious band of arts and ſciences form my "retinue, and flouriſh under my protection; "nor did they ever depart from me without ſuf- "fering diſhonour or ruin." This artful repre- ſentation of Pleaſure raiſed in me ſome degree of eſteem for her, and determined me to yield my- ſelf up to her conduct, though not without ſome ſuſpicion and diſtruſt.

I aſked her the diſtance of her dwelling. She told me it was but a little way from the wood; and continuing to ply me with the ſmooth lan- guage of glozing courteſy, and many bewitching ſmiles and airs, ſhe led me on unheeding whi- ther I went, till we came to a little rapid brook, whoſe waters appeared dark and ſomewhat mud- dy. On the ſide of the brook I ſaw a woman richly dreſſed in a robe of various colours. She had a florid complexion, large rolling eyes, and an aſpect in which there dwelt a mixture of ſim- plicity and wonder. Her hair flowed about her ſhoulders in looſe diſorder, and was ſtuck thick with jewels and ſpangles, which caſt a dazzling luſtre all round her. In her right-hand ſhe held a cup,

a cup, with which ſhe ſupplied travellers with water from the brook. In her left, ſhe had ſomething like a teleſcope, through which ſhe gave me ſuch a proſpect of the palace of Pleaſure, as made me eager to arrive at it. Having aſked my guide her name, ſhe told me ſhe was called Admiration, whom Fancy bore to Ignorance; and the rivulet was called by her name, and roſe out of a deep ſpring in the moſt gloomy part of the wood, over which Ignorance preſided. She further informed me, that unlike moſt other rivulets, it was broadeſt at the fountain-head, and grew narrower in proportion as the diſtance from thence increaſed, and withal aſſured me, that the water had an admirable quality in clearing the eyes, and purging the mind of all doubts and fears, and in their room filling it with pleaſing hopes and proſpects. I was tempted to taſte the water, which was pleaſant, but I thought, rather increaſed than diminiſhed my thirſt; and now every thing I ſaw appeared with more luſtre and magnificence than before; particularly my guide ſeemed fairer and lovelier than ever. Both ladies having given me their hand, we croſſed the brook, and at length emerged from the wood into broad day-light. Here a ſplendid ſcene opened. Below us (for it was a deſcent all the way to the abode of Pleaſure) was ſtretched out a beautiful valley, through which many pleaſant rivulets wandered along, overſpreading the fields and orchards with a perpetual bloom. My guide perceiving a ſudden flaſh of pleaſure and tranſport in my looks, pointed, ſmiling, to her manſion. "This, Sir," (ſaid ſhe) "is my ſeat; "theſe gardens and parks are mine. There you

" ſhall enjoy every ſatisfaction you can wiſh,
" without being at the pains to ſeek or toil for
" it. Whatever can pleaſe the eye or charm
" the ear, or regale the appetite, is adminiſtered
" there to my faithful votaries without ſtint or
" meaſure. The induſtry and labour of others
" furniſh out ample materials. You will have
" nothing to do but live and enjoy, without un-
" eaſy reflections on what is paſt, or tormenting
" fears about what is to come. There the
" cravings of nature are quickened by the pre-
" parations of art, and the pleaſures of enjoy-
" ment raiſed by the delicacy of the ſeaſoning.
" Let us make haſte then to this manſion of
" bliſs, where no gloomy cares or corroding
" ſorrows enter, where neither ſullen rules nor
" ſtoical pride are admitted to damp the jocund
" humour of the inhabitants—haſten with me to
" feaſts of plenty and beds of eaſe."

I was too credulous to her ſlippery tale, and led too far by her wily trains, to think now of going back; which, with the water I had drank, I believe, affected the organs of viſion, and added a thouſand deluſive beauties to the landſcape before me. As I was gaping about me, ſhe puſhed me gently along, ſo that we ſoon arrived at her palace. It was of ivory, ſupported by a double row of Tuſcan pillars, and appeared light and pretty; but it was crouded with nice ornaments and conceits, that ſhewed too great an attention to the parts, without a proper regard for the ſymmetry of the whole, and made the ſight loſe itſelf amidſt the multitude of independent parts; ſo that the building had an air of littleneſs, notwithſtanding the affectation of grandeur which

appeared

appeared every where. The front of the houſe was adorned with various ſculptures of the feaſts of the Gods, the amours of Jupiter, the ſtory of Mars and Venus caught in Vulcan's net, the revels of Bacchus, the debauches of Silenus, and other repreſentations of the like kind.

The palace was in the midſt of the gardens, in which were to be ſeen a profuſion of expence and elaborate art vying with nature, which ſhould excel. But the whole diſpoſition of them was rather ſhewy and effeminate, than according to the grand taſte of ſimple nature, artificial mounts, grottos, buildings and ſtatues, diverſified the whole ſcene in an agreeable manner, and ſurprized the eye at every other opening. But all the ſtatues, and figures that were cut in the trees, were of a wanton caſt, and tended to inſpire diſſolute ſentiments. A large fountain ſupplied the whole garden by many ſmooth canals, decked on each ſide with woodbines and roſes. Theſe ſtreams ſometimes fell in lofty caſcades, ſometimes ſhot up in ſportful jets, and at other times crept with the ſweeteſt murmurs through a thouſand meanders, and at length emptied themſelves into a baſon, like a little lake, ſhaded with laurel, in which the votaries of the goddeſs uſed to bathe themſelves. A delicious fragrancy breathed all around, and inſpired the vernal delight in its utmoſt freſhneſs. No ſtorm ruffled the mildneſs of the air, no froſt nipt the tender buds, nor did the ſcorching heat ever wither the lovely verdure.

Over the porch of the palace, jaſamines and vines were interwoven into a natural arch, from which cluſters of grapes hung ſo temptingly, that

they ſeemed to offer themſelves to the taſte. The porch, which was very large, opened into a magnificent hall, into which my guide conducted me, with a ſmiling air. As ſoon as we entered, methought I heard the ſweeteſt muſic, conſiſting of voices and inſtruments that played the moſt melting airs, and diſſolved the whole ſoul into the ſofteſt languor. The hall was filled with her votaries, who immediately crouded round to pay her homage. I could perceive among her train many ſmooth courtiers, ſubtle lawyers, grave phyſicians, ſeveral eminent ſtateſmen, and ſome ſolemn divines. Many battered beaus bowed around her with meagre looks and courtly grin. Several plodding tradeſmen and merchants ſmoothed their anxious features at her appearance, and preſſed forward with aukward mien to offer their ſervice. Coquets too without number; and even prudes themſelves, with a grave ſimper, made their court to her, putting on at the ſame time a kind of ſullen ſtatelineſs and reſerve—But, among all the votaries of the goddeſs, I could not perceive ſo much as one miſer with his bags and coffers.

I ſaw ſome grave demure figures, wrapt up in fur, with long beards and broad-brimmed beavers, who told me they were philoſophers by profeſſion; but I found that at the approach of the Goddeſs, they threw off their ſtarched air and habit, and kneeled before her with a profounder veneration than any of the reſt.——One general effect I obſerved of the preſence of Pleaſure, that it immediately relaxed the furrowed brow, and opened every heart and hand, ſo that all made ſome preſent to the Goddeſs. The rake preſented his health,

health, the citizen his purſe, the 'ſquire his fortune, the courtier his honour, the prude her virtue.

Round the walls of the palace were hung up arms, ſhields, ſwords, trophies, and the ſpoils of warriors, conquerors, and of others who have paſſed for heroes among the unthinking vulgar. At the upper end of the hall methought was erected a throne of ebony, over which was laid a velvet carpet, ſtrewed with the moſt delicious flowers and perfumes. Thither the deity directed her courſe, uſhered by two officers of a very ſingular appearance. The one was a plump, jolly figure, with little ſtaring eyes, and a round unmeaning face, ſo ſhort-ſighted that he did not ſee ten yards before him: he walked ſtaggering, and dangling his hands; in one of which he held a leaden rod, and in the other a large poppy. I think his name was Inconſideration. The other uſher was a lean, ſallow figure, with hollow eyes, and great wildneſs and fire in his looks: his head ſeemed to ſhake with the palſy; and though he was all ſhivering with cold, and his joints trembling under him, he had only a thin party-coloured robe, looſely thrown about his ſhoulders, on which were painted many wanton figures. He held a golden cup in his left hand, into which he ſqueezed a thick liquor, being the juice of different kinds of fruit, which bluſhed and ſwelled to the ſight. Such are its baleful ingredients, that it intoxicates the ſenſe, and inflames the blood with an inextinguiſhable heat; and thoſe who continue to drink it, gradually loſe the form, or at leaſt the ſenſes of men, and contract the ſhape or qualities of thoſe brutes, whoſe gratifications they chiefly affect. In walk-

ing along he writhed himſelf into a variety of laſcivious poſtures, and caſt many amorous glances on the female votaries of the Goddeſs. His name was Incontinence. Many preſſed forward to taſte the poiſonous liquor, ſome of whom, upon receiving it, ſtaggered and reeled about; the eyes of others ſparkled with an unuſual fire, and their cheeks reddened all over. Some grew pale as death, and looked as if they had been turned into ſtone.

Pleaſure mounted her throne by a gentle aſcent of ivory ſteps, and ſat down in a reclining poſture. Over her head was ſtretched a fine purple canopy of exquiſite workmanſhip, in which were wrought many curious devices of a voluptuous taſte. Round her were hung golden cups, bowls, glaſſes, and other inſtruments of luxury. In her right hand ſhe held a ſcepter. Her left arm leaned upon a cornucopia. Inſtead of a crown, ſhe wore a garland of flowers, and her hair flowed in artificial ringlets down her ſhoulders. On one ſide of the throne ſtood ſmiling Hope, a lovely maid of chearful aſpect, dreſſed in light attire, and always pointing to her miſtreſs. Next her ſat heart-eaſing Mirth, cracking jokes and telling ſtories; and by him was Laughter, with dimpled cheeks, and holding his ſides; Sport dancing his airy rounds, and mocking the wrinkles of Care; Vanity ſurveying herſelf in a mirrour, and Flattery juſt by her, with a perſpective glaſs in her hand, which magnified objects exceſſively at one end, and diminiſhed them as much at the other. Affectation was in company with them, practiſing her airs, and, Proteus-like, borrowing every form which they recommended. On the other

ſide

ſide was planted Love with his bow and arrows; Impudence with front of braſs and large rolling eyes; Indolence with folded arms lolling on a pillow; Wantonneſs half naked, with leering looks, and a burning heart in his hand; Cruelty, a ſtern meagre figure, ſcorning the reſtraints of honour, and hooting the fears of Innocence.

The two principal ſupports of the throne were, Intemperance, whoſe looks were exceedingly diſordered, her dreſs fine, but looſe, of diſcompoſed mien and geſture; the other, Luxury, of ſtately port and imperious air, dreſſed out with a royal kind of magnificence, and continually waſting the treaſures of Induſtry. Theſe ſerved Pleaſure in the characters of her privy counſellors and miniſters of ſtate.

While the votaries of the Goddeſs were paying her their homage, I preſſed through the crowd, till I got behind the throne, where, finding an apartment that lay off the hall of Preſence, with the door half open, I had the curioſity to ſteal into it unſeen. There I ſaw ſeveral figures of a frightful appearance; the firſt that ſtruck me was a grim monſter called Brutality, with Satyr-horns, and the legs of a goat: next to him ſtood Slavery, bending her head, and hugging her chains; Surfeit, with hollow eyes, and ſickly mien; Diſcontent twiſting his brows and grinning with indignation; Diſappointment, wringing his hands, and curſing his parents. Next to him was Envy, with a pale, dark viſage, red eyes, ſquinting, and inſtead of hair, ſnakes twined about her head, hiſſing and darting their pointed tongues, and ſpitting venom on all around her; Remorſe biting and tearing his own fleſh; Shame, blind and ill-

favoured, ſkulking behind the reſt, and covering his face with his hands; and many more figures than I can remember. I was ſo frighted at the ſight of ſuch a hideous crew, that I ſlipt away very faſt from them, and afterwards kept as far aloof as I could from the preſence of the Goddeſs, intending only to be a ſpectator of what paſt.

Various petitioners preſented themſelves before the throne, and humbly offered their ſuits to the jolly Goddeſs. Among the reſt a ſhabby fellow, who ſeemed to bend under old age, his face furrowed with wrinkles and frowns, and ſcarce able to preſent his petition for the trembling of his hand; bluntly ſhewed to Pleaſure, "That he had thrown away a fine eſtate in her ſervice,—emptied many a bowl for her honour—and made the whole country drunk to grace her feſtivals; for which eminent ſervices he had received no other reward than poverty and rags,—that thoſe who frequented his houſe and table, did not know him now, and he could find no ſanctuary for the infirmities of old age, where he might lay his weary bones at reſt; that if ſhe had no better rewards than theſe, to diſtribute to ſuch faithful ſervants as he had been, ſhe would ſoon have few adorers, unleſs among the ſneaking herd—that truly, gentlemen would grow tired of her ſervice, and ſcorn to dance longer attendance on ſo heedleſs and forgetful a deity. The premiſes therefore being conſidered, he inſiſted that the Goddeſs would order him, without farther delay, a ſuitable recompence for his paſt ſervices, elſe he would ſpoil her worſhip for her, and diſgrace her among all gentlemen of rank and figure."

Pleaſure

Pleaſure being highly offended with the rudeneſs and inſolence of her votary, ordered two of her attendants, Remorſe and Repentance, to conduct the old gentleman into a little dark apartment, and feed him there with bread and water till further orders.

The next that appeared was a lady in the decline of life, who, by the force of art, and various coſmetics, ſought to repair her faded charms, and bring back an unnatural bloom into her cheeks. She had an affected ſullen mien and downcaſt look, and approaching the Goddeſs with a certain ſhyneſs and reſerve, as if aſhamed of being reckoned among her votaries, ſhe whiſpered in a low voice, with a mortified air and forced ſmile. "That whatever ſhe may have openly avowed, in order to ſave appearances, ſhe had been always at bottom one of her moſt humble and devote adorers—that though ſhe often ſpoke againſt dreſs and ſhew, ſhe was a ſecret friend to both,—that if ſhe inveighed againſt the follies of her own ſex, or the liberties of ours, it was that ſhe might the more freely commit the former, and the more powerfully invite the men to uſe the latter with herſelf,—that at church her devotions were offered up at her ſhrine, —when ſhe prayed it was for the increaſe of admirers to herſelf, and of votaries to the Goddeſs, —that ſhe mourned and ſighed in earneſt, for want of ſweet temptations, when ſhe did it in appearance for her ſins;—that ſhe railed againſt plays and maſquerades, with this view, that her frequenting them might appear, not the effect of choice, but a prudent compliance with cuſtom, and averſion to ſingularity;—and had indulged the dear delight of ſcandal, only on her account,——

that now, alas! inſtead of being rewarded as ſhe expected, for ſuch ſubſtantial ſervices, the men, whom ſhe had been always paſſionately fond of, deſpiſed her, and the women, who were formerly pleaſed with her railing, now forſook her company, —that the beaus pointed at her as they paſſed her, and ſhe afforded tea-table mirth to all the young flirts about town;—that, in fine, her life was grown a burden,—public places and diverſions were become diſagreeable to her, and ſhe now verily believed ſhe ſhould die unmarried."

Theſe laſt words the poor lady ſpoke with great vehemence and wringing her hands. The Goddeſs acknowledged that her caſe was truly piteous, and therefore, in compaſſion to her, appointed an old Duegna, to feed her with ſcandal, and a couple of battered beaus much in the ſame condition with herſelf, to keep her company.

Another petitioner came forward with an obſequious air, and kneeling before the throne, offered his humble petition in courtly phraſe to the divinity. "For you, O Goddeſs! have I been in waiting at court theſe forty years. I have conſtantly attended the levees of his Grace *** and of my Lord *** and ***, run on all their dirty errands, done their jobs at every election, and ſold my vote in parliament. My pen was always at their ſervice to varniſh over ſtate blunders, to amuſe the people with political lies and fictions, and baffle ſcandal with ſcandal; I always ſmiled and careſſed where I meant to do miſchief; had an open face, but had a dark, deſigning heart; good words and fawning adulations flowed like honey from my tongue.—In ſhort, I lied and vowed, ſwore and pimped, cringed and crept, to wriggle

wriggle into a place, and all, Goddeſs! purely to gratify you. Yet, for this long ſeries of dependance and ſervitude, I have been amuſed with words light as air, promiſes never meant to be kept, hopes void of foundation. I have been careſſed, yet duped by the great, not been known to-day by the low pageant whom I ſcaffolded into power but yeſterday: I am in diſgrace with my country, the intereſt of which I ſacrificed to thoſe of ungrateful ſcoundrels. I am hated and ſhunned like the Devil, by thoſe miſcreants for whom I wore my conſcience thread-bare. Inſtead of honours I bear the titles of common hack and court-bubble. I am grown a mere ſhadow at court, and never appear at White's without drawing the eyes and ſneer of the whole company upon me. Therefore I beg your divinity will conſider my caſe, and grant me ſpeedy redreſs."

The Goddeſs, after hearing this long complaint, remitted the whole affair to the conſideration of a ſelect committee, to adjuſt the courtier's demands and pretenſions. I think the principal members of it were Diſcontent, Flattery, Diſſimulation, Craft, Expectation, Fear, and Diſappointment. The chairman's name was Delay.

The next that advanced, was a female petitioner, a young lady thin and pale; ſhe had ſtill the traces of a fine face, but dejection was ſo deeply impreſſed upon it, and it was ſharpened with ſuch impudence, as ſpoiled the whole form of her countenance, and betrayed the moſt intenſe miſery and diſtortion of mind. When ſhe got near the throne, ſhe burſt into a flood of tears, and with an expreſſive agony in her features and voice, thus beſpoke the Goddeſs.

" You

" You ſee, madam, before you, an unhappy inſtance of the frailty of our ſex, and the falſhood of the other. Nature decked me with fatal beauty and harmony of ſhape, but alas! formed me with a heart too tender, ſoft, and credulous. I was ſoon ſurrounded with crowds of admirers, who failed not to tell me how charming I was, and cheriſhed my vanity and fondneſs for applauſe, without informing me how to ſupport the one, or deſerve the other. I eaſily drank in their ſoothing tales, and fancied myſelf ſomething more than human. They preſſed me with preſents, treats, and importunities, to yield to their criminal paſſions. But partly pride, and partly a natural ſenſe of modeſty and honour, ſaved me from the open trains they laid for me; and I might ſtill have continued innocent and happy, had not a ſmooth-faced villain, formed for pleaſing, and practiſed in all the arts of deceit, aſſailed me with his cunning artifices. His advances were gradual and ſlow, it was my ſentiments only that he pretended to admire; my ſpirit, my virtue, my ſoft engaging manners were all his delight and all the ſubject of his talk;—my perſon, my face, were only occaſionally hinted at, and regarded merely as expreſſive of thoſe; friendſhip, pure friendſhip, was his conſtant cant. By theſe arts, he ſtole upon my unſuſpicious mind, formed me for his dark purpoſes, and when he had once robbed me of a tender unguarded heart, found it no hard matter to betray my innocence, of which the barbarous raviſher ſpoiled me without the leaſt appearance of remorſe. Afterwards I ſcarce felt any of the ſtruggles of conſcious virtue; and ſhame by degrees forſook me. Though I doated on the

arch

arch villain, yet, when his brutiſh appetite was thoroughly ſated, he abandoned me to deſpair and contempt. The dire effects of his villainy and my own folly, were diſgrace with my friends, diſhonour from my own ſex, the contempt of the men, and cruel poverty. When I had once made a ſacrifice of honour and virtue at your altars, I continued ſteady in your ſervice; one vice drew on another with a fatal chain; I grew hardened beyond meaſure; and though the urgent neceſſities of cold and hunger had not compelled me to do you homage, I ſhould have gone on in that courſe, through an unconquerable habit. I pretend, however, to little merit from my allegiance, faithful as it has been; and therefore, madam, muſt refer myſelf to your diſcretion, for aſſigning what awards you ſhall think moſt proper for your unhappy votary."

The Goddeſs, having taken her piteous caſe into conſideration, ordered her to be ſupplied by the charity of a few of her better diſpoſed votaries; and in the mean while diſpatched ſome of her attendants, Revenge, Contempt, Hatred, Satire, Neglect, Miſtruſt, and a few female votaries of the ſame character with the petitioner, to go and ſcourge the cauſe of her misfortunes with whalebone, and after pricking him with their bodkins, to lock him up in a dark cell, and debar him from all commerce with women for the future—and to execute this juſtice in the preſence of the petitioner. Theſe commands were punctually obeyed, with all the rigour female revenge could inſpire.

After this lady was removed, methought a beau, whom I judged to be about five and twenty, of lank looks, and with ſome wrinkles on his face, advanced with a cane in his hand, powdered all over.

over. I obſerved, as he made his bows, his ſlender limbs ſeemed almoſt to fail under him. With a confident air he addreſſed the deity of the place to this effect:

"Madam, a ſimple and ſhort recital of my ſervices, will ſoon convince you of the veneration I have always had for you, and how juſtly I may claim your favour. My whole life has been devoted to your ſervice. Ever ſince I knew what polite living was, I have courted you with an unwearied aſſiduity. I ſtudied the faſhions, and dreſſed à-la-mode to catch the eyes of the ladies. and ſo to gratify you the more effectually. For dreſs, you know, Madam, is the thing we fine fellows ſtudy with ſupreme care. It is a weapon we do infinite execution with among the ladies. Then, madam, I followed you to church, and there I ogled you, and prayed for you, I ſung, ſighed, danced, drank, whined, rhymed, whored, and went through all the drudgery of loving, to be liſted among your faſhionable admirers. Nay, for you, madam, I wore down as fine a conſtitution as ever ſhot through the Mall, and a pair of as ſtrong fine made limbs, as ever ſupported a well-built frame. I have ſpent an amazing quantity of powder and pomatum, perfumes and eſſences, to ſupport the character of your votary; have been engaged in at leaſt a ſcore of duels; kept a thouſand aſſignations, and broke as many, to ſhew the ladies I was not ſo far gone as they imagined, and to triumph a little in my turn; I have told lies without number, and to gratify the reigning flame, tore the reputations of all her rivals. For you know, madam, that nothing ſo highly obliges a fine lady, as ſweet delicious ſcandal on all other toaſts but herſelf. I was never abſent an afternoon from the tea-table of

the

the fair, where I ogled this lady, ſmiled on the other, gave my box to a third, ſqueezed another's hand, pleaſed all, but chiefly admired myſelf. In ſpight of all this merit, how ſcurvily have I been uſed? Why, madam, I have often been bit moſt abominably, once run through the body, ſeveral times drubbed by thoſe I had cuckolded; my ſtomach and ſtrength are gone, another ſeaſon will nail me up; and what care I though it do? My bottle-companions grow tired of me, becauſe I cannot entertain them as I uſed to do, and wine now palls upon my taſte. Let me never wear a feather, if the ladies do not point at my ſpindle ſhanks, and then ſneer at me. S'life, I believe I had beſt get down to the country, that I may not ſicken at ſight of the contempt I meet with in thoſe places and parties, where I uſed to top it ſo gallantly; and there I will throw myſelf into the arms of ſome honeſt widow to nurſe me and feed my pleaſures without any pain.

Pleaſure could ſcarce forbear ſmiling at the beau's woeful tale. However, that he might not languiſh in the mean time for want of company, ſhe ordered ſome of her retinue to attend him till he ſhould execute his intended project. Their names were Dullneſs, Conſumption, Satiety, Peeviſhneſs, inſatiable Deſire, and ſome others I do not remember. On this he tripped away, whiſtling for want of thought, with his company hovering about him, like ſo many harpies.

Next appeared a gay fluttering dame, ſwimming along prettily, as ſhe came forward to the Goddeſs. Her dreſs was adjuſted with an affected negligence; but under it I perceived an anxious concern to pleaſe. Every glance of her eye,

every

every motion of her hand and neck, ſeemed ſet to do miſchief. In every patch and nodding curl was laid a trap to catch admiration. Furling her fan and toſſing her lappets, ſhe thus addreſſed Pleaſure.

"Brighteſt Goddeſs, behold one of your devouteſt worſhippers ſtands before you, perſuaded you will approve her claim." "Let me hear it my good lady," replied the Goddeſs.

"Then may it pleaſe your Divinity, to know, without any further preamble, that I entered on your ſervice, with laying a deep deſign to conquer and captivate all mankind, that I might offer them as victims on your altar. To gain my end the better, I affected to pleaſe every body, and adapted myſelf artfully to their different foibles. I have nicely ſtudied all the arts of practiſing before the glaſs, and underſtand the whole ſcience of ogling. I knocked down hundreds with a gentle tap of the fan; I ſhot ſome with a careleſs caſt of my head, and ſmiled many into humble captives. Sometimes I put on the inſenſible, by which I have drawn ſome into my nets; at other times I aſſumed the languiſhing air, which did yet more execution. But when I melted into the tender, I ſoftened the moſt ſtubborn and rebellious hearts. I always took moſt delight in humbling thoſe proud imperious fellows, who ſnear at ſubmiſſion to us their native ſovereigns; and left no ſhape or art untried, which female wit could invent to bring them to terms. To ſhew my veneration for you, heavenly Goddeſs, I fluttered through the park, ſqeaked at the maſquerade, ſhone at court, paid my devotions at church, frequented the play-houſe,

houſe, and was at every concert and aſſembly. After you, Madam, I hurried down into the country, and from thence to town; for you, O queen of delights! I painted and patched, ſighed and ſung, whined and loved, felt the ſpleen a hundred times, and the vapours as many thouſands; broke I don't know how many china jars; wore a thouſand gowns, tore ten thouſand fans, and changed as many gallants. For you, Madam, I ſtabbed the hearts of all the males I could, and the reputation of female rivals; and that I might more ſecurely enjoy you, and be drawn in a coach and ſix, I threw myſelf into the arms of a coxcomb, whoſe caprice and tyranny has made ample repriſals upon me, for the dominion I exerciſed over the ſex in general. Notwithſtanding theſe ſignal ſervices, my admirers have forſaken me; I now patch and paint in vain. I am called in all companies, the deſpiſed old faſhioned thing, a wife. I am grown a meer cypher in a ſide-box with my jealous huſband. My rivals triumph over me, and if the beaus ever deſign to toaſt me, it is rather by way of ſneer, to the once celebrated Belinda."

The Goddeſs heard her mournful complaint, confeſſed ſhe had been a faithful votary, and as a recompence for her ſervices, ordered Envy, Scorn, Indignation, Scandal, Ill-humour, and Vexation, to comfort her under her afflictions.

Away ſhe flew in a rage, toſſing her fan, curſing the Goddeſs all the way ſhe went, and ſhut herſelf up in her dreſſing-room.

The laſt figure whom I ſaw in my nocturnal viſion in the palace of Pleaſure, was a pretty ſingular one. It was a ſpruce lively old ſpark, who had

had withal ſomething ſtiff and formal in his mien, and affected a certain ſtatelineſs of aſpect and manner, which beſpoke no ordinary conceit of his own merit. He advanced to the Goddeſs with an air of confidence and ſelf-applauſe, and ſimpering to her with a courtly grin, with head and arm up-lifted, he opened his mouth, like one who had ſomething of importance to utter.

"You ſee, Madam, a perſon who pretends to ſupport this title to your favour by no vulgar claims. For I always diſdained the route which the rabble take, and equally aſpire at Pleaſure, and at glory, by ſingularity. I ſcorn to think, ſpeak, or even eat, like the vulgar, and conſidering how moſt things are murdered by the awkwardneſs of the generality, I give a luſtre and dignity to the moſt trite ſentiments and actions, by my manner of pronouncing or performing them. Therefore as ſoon as I became acquainted with your divinity, I liſted myſelf in your ſervice, and reſolved to ſacrifice the choiceſt victims on your altars. But then I ſtudied a more elegant kind of worſhip, and bowed not to the groſſer image under which you have been often repreſented, but to that auguſter form under which you appear to your votaries of a correct and elaborate fancy. My early acquaintance with men and books, improved my natural ſagacity into the prettieſt taſte, and taught me to extract the very flower and quinteſſence of pleaſure, which was wonderfully heightened by my delicate manner of enjoying it. I ſoon ſingled out the ladies as your prime favourites and miniſters, and made my court

court to them, merely to do homage to you. I did it, Madam, in an uncommon manner. For I was governed by taſte, not by inſtinct, and wanted to refine what was groſs, and quicken the inſipid in enjoyment, by the high ſeaſoning I prepared for it. And therefore though I meant chiefly to enjoy the perſon, I ſought in the firſt place to engage the heart to be of the party, and to inflame the paſſions, that the tranſports might be mutual and ardent. To accompliſh this with the more refined policy, I covered my deſigns with the faireſt maſque of friendſhip, and profeſſed a frondneſs for their company and acquaintance, merely to form their taſte, and give a prettier poliſh to their manners.—I aggravated the merit of thoſe hours I ſpent with them, from the rareneſs of thoſe I beſtowed elſewhere,—ſent them now and then a few tender lines and billets-doux, chiefly in praiſe of their wit, their good taſte, and amiable deportment, with ſome ſlight glances only on their perſonal advantages. To beguile the more eaſily, I wore a perpetual ſmile, and framed my face to all occaſions. I knew how ungainly a ſight undiſguiſed love is, eſpecially to thoſe innocent ſcrupulous creatures, therefore I hid what was deformed from view, or elſe covered it over with the ſhew of ſome virtue. I talked much to them of honour, contempt of vulgar prejudices, unreſerved confidence, diſintereſted attachment—inſpired them with the higheſt notions of friendſhip between the ſexes, without any farther views, and as a thing quite diſtinct from love and courtſhip.—To make them ſwallow this tale the more eaſily, I profeſſed a regard to their perſons, merely as they were pictures

tures of the lovely inhabitant within; and if I praiſed a particular feature or air, it was only becauſe in them ſhone out ſuch modeſty, gentleneſs, and ſenſibility to every ſoft and endearing impreſſion;—I told them that to brighten ſuch qualities was my higheſt ambition,—that I expected no other return for my ſervices, than the pleaſure of a more refined friendſhip.—Mean while, to ſupply the natural warmth of the ſex with proper fuel, I put books of gallantry, and of a free pleaſurable caſt, into their hands, ſuch as I thought the fitteſt to ſoften and inflame them;—I began now to uſe more freedom in commending their perſons, and uſed warm and tender deſcriptions of their ſhape, their mouth, the ſenſibility of their manners, from which one might form the moſt agreeable prejudices in their favour.—I taught them that nature gave nothing in vain—that civil forms, and vulgar names and cuſtoms, were only ſolemn ceremonies to amuſe the formal, or check the licentious, but were never deſigned to give law to the mutual ardors of friendſhip.—I complimented them with the ſingular merit of having firſt ſubdued ſo inſenſible and ſtubborn an heart as mine, which uſed to deſpiſe ſubjection to female ſway; and began to talk to them in more paſſionate ſtrains.—Having thus taught them to meaſure friendſhip by the freer ſtandard of nature, and refined their taſte above vulgar prejudices, I wound them up to the higheſt pitch of paſſion; which paved the way for an eaſy conqueſt over the remaining ſcruples of modeſty and ſhame. For artfully daubing what was criminal in the laſt indulgence, with the ſpecious names of heroic friendſhip, confi-

dence

dence in one's honour and conſtancy, and reciprocal tenderneſs, I choſe the tender minute, when the pretty creatures were ready to ſigh out their ſouls in fondneſs and paſſion, and rifled them of what they are pleaſed to call their honour. Now the fondlings were ſo deeply rivetted in paſſion, that they gloried more in the title of a female friend, than others do in the ſtale one of a wife. —However, I ſoon grew tired of the dull repetition of pleaſure with the ſame objects, and began to be diſturbed with their little jealouſies, paſſionate caprices and inquietudes;—but not daring to raiſe a Devil which would not be eaſily laid, I retreated with great caution and reſerve,—and told them it was in vain to talk of marriage, ſince circumſtances would not permit us to live in that elegant pretty manner which we both wiſhed and were formed for,—and therefore prudence required greater diſtance and reſerve than formerly.—I wrote ſeldom,—my viſits were few, and I treated them with more coldneſs and freedom,—till at length I abandoned them to the ungovernable paſſions, jealouſy and deſpair. But while I was gradually retreating from them, I was meditating, Madam, and training up freſh victims for your altars; and being well accompliſhed in love-wills, by long experience and practice, I became ſuch an adept in gallantry and polite diſſimulation, that few eſcaped the ſnare I laid for them. Thus unwearied have I been, Goddeſs, to ſatisfy my boundleſs paſſion for you; and though many may have added more votaries, yet none ever added ſuch faithful, ſighing, paſſionate ones to your train. In this triumphant courſe of indulgence I have ſpent

now

now many years, and have (thanks to your divinity) got the better of all thoſe idle ſcruples which uſed to teaze me now and then in my cooler moods; ſo that there is not a ſtep of my paſt conduct, which I cannot juſtify by the ſtricteſt maxims of delicacy, and a fine taſte;—but alas! Madam, my arts are grown ſo ſtale, that all ſee through them, and moſt girls ſhun me as they would a peſtilence. My character is but indifferent among the unthinking many; but if I can approve my conduct to your divinity and the diſcerning few among your votaries, I deſpiſe the cenſure of the vulgar, and laugh at fame as the bubble of Fools. However, I have ſome thoughts of retiring from the ſcene, and decoying ſome blooming country girl to refreſh me when I grow old, and enliven my remembrance of paſt delights."

The Goddeſs heard him with deep attention, and the whole company ſeemed to wait her deciſion with no ſmall ſuſpence, when looking at him with a gracious ſmile, ſhe deſcended two or three ſteps from the throne, and taking the garland from her own head, ſhe wreathed it about his, telling him he richly deſerved it as the moſt meritorious of all her votaries. As a mark of her ſingular regard, ſhe appointed ſome of the oldeſt and moſt faithful of her retinue to be always at his ſervice, whenever he had occaſion for them; thoſe I can remember were Fraud, Diſſimulation, Letchery, Impotence, Satiety, Pride, and Infamy. She ordered withal, that he ſhould be confined ordinarily in one of the outer offices belonging to her own palace, where his common buſineſs ſhould be to invent new means,

arts,

arts, and inſtruments of pleaſure, and his amuſement to weave nets to catch flies, with ſuch like relaxations which ſeemed but ſuited to the ingenious ſingularity of his taſte. Thoſe ladies he had ruined were likewiſe appointed to pay him frequent viſits at the grate, to keep him from thinking the time long in his confinement.—He went away frowning and biting his lips. However, methought all the ſpectators applauded the deciſions of the Goddeſs, but thoſe who were affected by them.

THE LITTLE VARIETY, OR, THE WELCH DREAM,

FROM A MOUNTAIN IN SOUTH WALES; CALLED CRYG-IFAN.

Containing ſome Remarks on a Family now Extinct, and a horrid Murder committed on the Body of Mr. W. WILLIAMS, *with the* Heroine, *being the chief Subject.*

BY A LOVER OF OBSOLETE HONESTY.

Quantum profecerimus aliorum ſit judicium.

INTRODUCTION.

HAIL! craggy rocks, and mountains high:
Hail! brooks and breezes paſſing by;
How ſweet's the falling ſtream.
Twice happy I, had I a cot
Near that rural alcove grot,
Where I might force a theme.

For here ‡ the antient David liv'd,
Who planted all theſe groves that thriv'd;
And here's his grandſon now.
May he his grandſire's fame renew,
May happy days his ſon purſue,
May all improve and grow.

Attend

‡ The poet looking towards David.

Attend my muſe for now behold
Blaenſulgen noted once for gold
Unclothed doth appear.
The ſcene diſplay'd attempts to ſhew,
How came thy diſmal overthrow;
How came thy bones ſo bare.

Old John with Dæmons at his back
Would make theſe moory mountains quake,
And oaths rebounded ſound.
The ſky itſelf, as if great Jove
Thund'red to Hecate from above,
Darkened all around.

Now 'ſtead of darkneſs from above,
Which might proceed from angry Jove;
* It gapes from cliffs below.
As if old Pluto with his breath,
Had curſ'd the very fewel'd earth,
Which John preſerv'd we know.

If fate preſag'd to John the ſame,
The grove and all the ground in flame,
How ſtutt'ring he muſt ſwear:
For one would think the very Hell,
Dæmons, and th' infernal cell,
Would with his oaths appear,

If any man did tread his graſs,
Much leſs to dig the very maſs,
When in his attick fire:
Thick clouds ſurrounded all above;
To hide from great and mighty Jove,
The profanation dire.

* Having now digged PEET or TURFS all over the hill, it appears black and dark.

His groves preſerv'd with anxious care,
No ſappling ever would he ſpare,
For home's conſumptive uſe:
He always kept a careful eye,
On all the boyiſh paſſers-by,
To guard his thriving ſpruce.

No ſooner wretched John was dead,
And in the grave his body laid,
Which decency requir'd;
Than all the ſapling trees were ſold,
Down fell the young, the tall, the old,
The grove of all was clear'd.

If John beheld Blaenſulgen now,
The houſe not old, but all of new,
The grove, the moory hill:
All ſpoil'd, all ruin'd upſide o'er,
The money ſpent, the gold no more,
And all, and ev'ry ill:

He'd wiſh his ſoul in thouſand Hells,
Pray for the diſmal warning knells
Again to fetch him hence;
E'er he executrix'd the wh—re,
Who ſpent and ſquandered all his ſtore;
And all his implements.

Soft muſe! beware of decency,
Don't aggravate, but ſparing be,
Of honourable names;
Deſcended from the warlike Mars,
His name reminds us of his wars,
His great immortal name.

The Malbro's ‡ of Wales not of *Blen—m*,
Shall be the theſis of my rhime,
Therefore go on my muſe;
Attack the antient thriving name,
From whence deſcends our heroin dame,
And decency peruſe.

O'er yonder mountain near the Kych ‖,
Was once a famous houſe call'd *kn—ch*
Where Criſpin Malbro liv'd;
His daughter entertained all,
Who were s'obliging as to call,
And o'er her threſhold 'riv'd.

At length a nephew of old John,
Poor Walter, wand'ring o'er the down,
Imprudent there did call;
And being 'tangled in her *clew*,
Produc'd they ſay this famous ſhrew,
Who ſpent his uncle's all.

Alas! poor Walter's fate was great,
At, and before his parting ſtate.
Envy'd by neighbours near of kin,
Who late combin'd and murder'd him;
For when the fatal hour came,
As Phœbus drew her glitt'ring flame,
When ſhining Venus juſt did peep,
E'er flocks in folds, and men aſleep;
When Faunus on the Zephyrs rode,
And Flora dreſs'd in a-la-mode,

‡ A nick-name given to an old man, famous for his obliging daughter, and other qualifications.

‖ A river.

When dreadful manes began to move
From hideous cells, the earth to rove,
When Pluto ſends infernal crew
On earth, dark actions to purſue,
Of dæmons, ſeven at the leaſt,
Enter'd the harden'd villain's breaſt,
And, much like Hengiſt's ſlaughter'd knife,
Prepar'd to rob the guiltleſs life.
Yonder's the place, I ſee it ſtill,
About the middle of the hill,
'Twas then an open hedgeleſs ground,
Though now incloſed all around;
There did the lurking villain wait,
The late return of thoughtleſs Wat,
Who whiſtling came, 'tween night and day,
Nor fear'd, nor thought of any fray:
But ſudden, Caſſius-like, unkind,
He ſtabb'd him through the back behind,
And, not contented with that gore,
Which really needed any more,
With nineteen mortal wounds beſide,
The breaſt, the heart, the back, the ſide,
Were pierc'd inhuman by the foe,
And throat from ear to ear cut through.
The thirſty earth imbib'd the gore,
Like Trojan land, t'enrich the floor.
The mangled body, void of breath,
Supine remained on the earth,
Till Phœbus' gleams divulg'd the ſcene,
And conſcious, ſay, the very dame,
Who knew, at leaſt, if not a party,
What paſs'd, o'er night, to brother Watty,
Early, e'er 'twas full right light,
Spread forth what paſſed in the night.

With mixed cries, and dire grimace,
Sorrow and mirth was in her face;
As if her conſcience feign would tell
What barbarity muſt conceal.
Poor Walter thus his life did end,
The ready neighbour, faithful friend,
True and ſincere, when truth he hit,
His anſwers apt, being prone to wit.
His conduct lewd could not purſue
The nobler reaſons, nor their view.
To keep at home from nightly jilts,
The night's a time for fatal guilts.—
If fate or deſtiny be true
Which ſome philoſophers allow,
The *Fates* their *Furies* here have ſent,
Foul ſcenes and murders to invent.
This ſcene, and cruel acts that follow,
Muſt ſure proceed from Mr. *Pluto*.
The great celeſtial powers permitted
Such cruelties, thus executed,
For ſome great reaſons well combin'd,
Nor yet divulg'd to human kind;
'Tis beſt therefore to take what follow,
And be not anxious 'bout the morrow.
The little girl produc'd by Walter,
From old Criſpin'd Malbro's daughter,
Old John made heireſs in his will,
Reſerving love to Walter ſtill.
This girl, when ſhe began to grow
To years in opulence and ſhow,
Was deck'd in gaudy aukward cloaths,
Like dolls exhibited at ſhows,
Was much admir'd, and talk'd with all,
Who were s'obliging as to call;

Her mother's art ſhe ſoon obtain'd,
To love and cheriſh all mankind.
Or this, or that, or he, or who,
Marry'd, unmarry'd, all might woo
That pleas'd the fancy, and the fancy fed,
With the ſweet incomes of the marriage bed:
To ſuch good ſport and recreation,
So much admir'd by every nation,
Recruiting was requir'd by day,
A needed prelude to the play;
And this domeſtic idleneſs
Soon reduc'd her fortuneleſs;
The money out in honeſt hands,
On bonds, or mortgages, or lands,
Was all call'd in, in a great hurry,
Indeed ſhe ſaid, ſhe wanted money.
Some lands were ſold, which might redeem
The mortgage in a proper time;
Some honeſt friends of her and father
Were injur'd with the greateſt rigour.
Some lands were clear'd of ſtock and all,
Some honeſt men thrown into jail;
And thus ſhe turn'd all topſy-turvy,
And next ſhe ſquander'd all the money.
If *Wat* had left her with her mother,
Without a farthing to relieve her,
She would eſcape the horrid curſe
That now attends her empty purſe.
Some injur'd friends that are departed,
Cruelly us'd, were broken-hearted,
Would now relieve her, ſtarving dame,
And grandſire's wretchedneſs and ſhame;
And ſhe herſelf, it is believ'd,
At preſent is in preſſing need.

How

How oft I've ſeen the ill got wealth,
Got by diſhoneſty and ſtealth,
Got by out-reachings, uſuries, cheats,
Falſe meaſures, quantities, or weights,
Or any unjuſt, guilty gains,
By which the wretch doth maſs his means,
Vaniſh as if the curſe of Jove,
Like hail deſcended from above;
And owners of the ill-got purſes,
Are loaded with ten thouſand curſes;
And not contented with its booty,
But ſweeps away the honeſt *penny*;
And takes ſo deep and rooted ſtation,
That laſts for ſeveral generations.
So miſs, bereav'd of all her pelf,
Came up to London by herſelf;
I need not tell her occupation,
The Strand's the place for her diverſion;
Her family are poor and peeviſh,
Are now relieved by the pariſh.
Her face and looks proclaim her folly,
Her back the want of ready money;
The alteration ſtill is greater,
When arts deſtroy the ſweets of nature,
And convulſive pangs from Ætna,
Burſt below with hurning lava.
The mercurial pills and doſes,
Soon reduce all ruddy faces,
And that reduc'd, reduce the cuſtom,
Too ſtale's the cry, they are not handſome.
While thus I dream'd ſhe humm'd this rhyme,
Which almoſt wak'd me from my dream.

Poor Hannah did ſquander away all her ſtuff,
By kiſſing and ſqueezing, and courting in buff;
And as I grew ſtaler and ſtaler at home,
I ſet out at once, and I came into town.
Down, down, &c.

Blaenſulgen, I hate the ſad thought, or the name,
As ſoon as from Wales into London I came,
But am much delighted with Chancery-lane,
I've cupp'd at the bagnio, and got into fame,
Down, &c.

One place could ne'er ſuit my dear delicate mind,
Determin'd to prove univerſally kind,
I tip 'long the Strand like a wandering ſheep,
I win in the night, the dull day I can ſleep,
Down, &c.

So farewel to virtue, to fame, and to Wales,
I hate all the thoughts of repeating old tales,
But I try all I can my own Globe to improve,
And hate all alike, all alike I will love.
Down, &c.

Come ſmack me, my boys, I love dearly to meet,
A broad back and ruſtic young man in the ſtreet,
Who liberty loves, and can try and contrive
To ſmack up the ſweet number *forty and five.*
Down, &c.

For W—kes hath eſtabliſh'd a law for us all,
And even himſelf hath encourag'd our call;
I wiſh him good luck, may he never miſcarry,
But ſtrongly perform his dear *five* and his *forty.*
Derry down, down, derry down.

While thus from Pindus, in the Walian land,
I dream'd the cruel ſcene that curſe command,
Iris like lightning my ideas mov'd
To fields Elyſian, where quaint ſpirits rov'd:
Nor

Nor was old Charon loaded with my thought,
For Mercury bid Iris, who me brought,
To carry me from earthly ſcenes, to ſee
Souls in great horror, or tranquility.
Nor was our Iris on ſuch errand ſent,
Since bold Æneas for Anchiſes went. ——
Firſt, I view'd the green Elyſian ground,
Where pleaſures and happineſs did abound,
There ſouls without number I could ſee,
Pleaſures enjoying to eternity.
Methought, of ſouls that late on earth I've ſeen,
Many well ſhaded 'mong the ever-green;
Free from remorſe, all evil thoughts, or tears,
All things enjoying for a thouſand years;
Nor heat nor cold, but mod'rate air tranſpir'd,
The whole, indeed, I very much admir'd.
Nor can deſcribe a thing beyond my ſphere,
For all things pleaſing are abundant here;
And that is all that mortal man can ſay,
Who ſtill retains his earthly image clay.
Oh! grant, ye pow'rs, who theſe keys do keep,
That when I take my everlaſting ſleep,
That I be freed from Lethe evermore,
And here enjoy the ſweet Elyſian ſhore.
But the meſſenger of the mighty God,
Who yonder ruleth with dire vengeance' rod
Open'd the vail where ſouls in torments laid
Who the cœleſtial laws have not obey'd.
I lothe to mention the fierceneſs of the wrath,
The acquiſition of th 'infernal path;
For I had fainted had not faith and hope,
Kept me entire from the Stygian ſcope.
Nor dare Proſerpine with her ſnaky head,
Move from her circle, or Elyſium tread.
Nor even Pluto, as I thought before,

Dare not repaſs the mighty Stygian ſhore,
The Demigorgon day itſelf was chain'd,
And all the keys of Hell above remain'd.
I aſk'd the meaning to one fierce look'd fiend,
What brought his kingdom thus to be confin'd,
Ah, Sir, quoth he, we loſt our greateſt joy,
Since the nativity of the Hebrew * boy.
We're puniſh'd here, nor dare we go beyond,
Cruel and curſed is our narrow bound.
In theſe dire flames we wallow, burn and be
Held an accurſed to eternity.
From thence I ſaw † a great extenſive plain,
Where ſpirits unrevenged did remain.
Who died by violence and cruel hands,
Suffer'd on earth for money or for lands.
They were confined, not in any pain,
Nor yet contented with their preſent plain:
There did I ſee where Abel had a tent,
E'er Lamech 'venged the firſt dire attempt;
Nor was the Heathen's Julius Cæſar's far,
E'er Brutus and Caſſius fell by Marcus' war
Tho' not encircled in ſo good a place,
As thoſe who ſuffer'd of diviner race.
For nobler Tullus was the next of kin,
To Chriſtian brethren who exceeded him.
There among infinities of bloody crouds,
I ſaw young Allen crying to the clouds.

* The poet refers to that incomparable anſwer of the Sybils to Cæſar, at the birth of Chriſt when the oracle ceaſed at Delphos.

Me puer Hæbræus Divos, Deus ipſe gubernans,
Cedere ſede Jubet, triſtemque, redire ſub orco,
Aris ergo poſt hinc Tacitus abſcedito noſtris.

† Several paragraphs in heathen mythology ſuppoſe the above opinion.

Revenge I

Revenge! revenge! was all I heard him ſay,
Revenge Jehovah! revenge they always cry.
The blood itſelf had thouſand mouths to ſay,
Avenge the guilty, Lord, avenge we pray.
We long to enter on eternal joy,
Avenge therefore our cauſe we humbly pray.
Among theſe unſettled ſouls I ſpied,
The ſoul of Walter, not yet thence reliev'd.
Then I deſired to converſe with him,
As an old neighbour, and a diſtant kin.

Hail! Walter, hail! thou honeſt ghoſt
How glad I am to ſee;
The man who once my father lov'd,
And all my family.
Eager I am to hear thee ſpeak
The wonders of this world;
And all you know divulge to me—
Reveal them word by word?
Begin and tell how the dire foe,
Diſpatch'd thy ſpirit here?
How came thy diſmal overthrow,
And all you know declare?
May I return and 'venge the foe,
Or what good turn can I
Perform to thee, my worthy friend,
Command and it ſhall be?
Why look'ſt thou pale and ſhun'ſt to ſpeak,
Conſider who I be?
I came on purpoſe to converſe,
I came to ſpeak to thee.
I do adjure thee by the gods
That thou diſcloſe to me,
Who the cruel murd'rer was
And all theſe things I ſee?

At laſt he did begin to ſpeak
Methought he ſplit the ſky.
So ſhrill his voice, ſo loud his note,
He ſtun'd me thoroughly.
" I hate converſing with a man
" For man hath ſent me here;
" And men have ſpar'd that very man,
" Therefore thou man forbear;
" Nor aſk the ſecrets of the gods
" Which I dare not diſcloſe,
" Nor how they order all theſe ſouls
" In this our half repoſe.
" You know that God did mark out Cain,
" For the ſelf-ſame offence;
" Therefore return behold his face,
" And read his countenance.
" His aſpect dark, and cruel looks,
" Will ſoon unfold his heart,
" The villain is ſo plain in him,
" You'll know him e'er you part;
" Nor dare revenge, what law refus'd
" For vengeance is the Lord;
" 'Tis he can bring the villain down,
" 'Tis he that bears the ſword.
" I think you be of race I know,
" How dar'd you venture here,
" And how do you intend to go,
" When hence you diſappear,"
Bold Iris ſway'd me through the air,
A moment brought me here,
And ſhe's oblig'd to take me hence,
Through the ſame atmoſphere;
But, e'er I go, pray hear me tell
My melancholy tale,

E'er

E'er I will draw my fancy hence,
Or leave this ſacred vale.
" Go on, ſince Iris from the Gods
" Permitted you to come,
" But be conciſe and very ſhort,
" I want you to be gone."
So I began and told him how
Blaenſulgen was reduc'd,
And all about the ſilly girl,
And whom ſhe had abus'd;
How the guardian, who took care,
Of her and all her ſtore,
Became her victim in the end,
And hardſhips he had bore.
After I numerated all
Her crimes and her offence,
And ſtill the ſame remaining in,
Without due penitence.
I aſk'd the ghoſt, pray tell how long
Will vengeance ſpare her hide,
How long ſhall ſhe, in ghaſtly dreſs,
Aſſume fantaſtic pride.
The ſpirit moved with contempt,
Gave me this ſhort reply,
Have patience with the wicked, and
Bear with their perfidy:
The more you bear, and they commit,
The ſooner they'll decay,
And ſooner you will be reliev'd,
From their tyrannic ſway.
E'er many ides, if I am right,
Old Charon is to bring
To vengeance, and to dire remorſe,
The girl, the curſed thing.

While thus he ſpoke he turn'd his head,
And ſtar'd me in the face,
Accept my bleſſing, and take care
To pray for ſaving grace;
And this he did but faintly ſpeak,
If I remember well,
And quick, a moment vail'd him in,
E'er he could ſay, farewell.

FINIS.